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**LAMP-LIGHTERS ACROSS THE SEA**

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**MARGARET APPLEGARTH**







#### I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB, TOO

"If you should find a little lamb  
Out in the dark and cold,  
You'd want to take it home, I know,  
And put it in its fold.

"And you would give it food to eat,  
And make it snug and warm;  
You'd put it in the shepherd's care,  
Lest it should come to harm.

"Christ's little lambs are not all safe,  
They're wandering everywhere;  
If we love Him as Peter did,  
Then aren't they in our care?

"So let us lead them back to Him,  
Our Shepherd, strong and good;  
His fold is large enough for all,  
And he will give them food."

—*Selected.*

# LAMP-LIGHTERS ACROSS THE SEA

*A Story of How the Bible was Translated into  
the Languages of Missionary Lands*

BY

MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH

*Author of "India Inklings," "Missionary Stories For  
Little Folks—Primary," "Missionary Stories  
For Little Folks—Junior," "The School  
of Mother's Knee," etc.*



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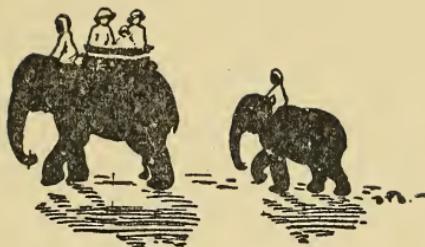
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No. 1.

## TO MY FATHER

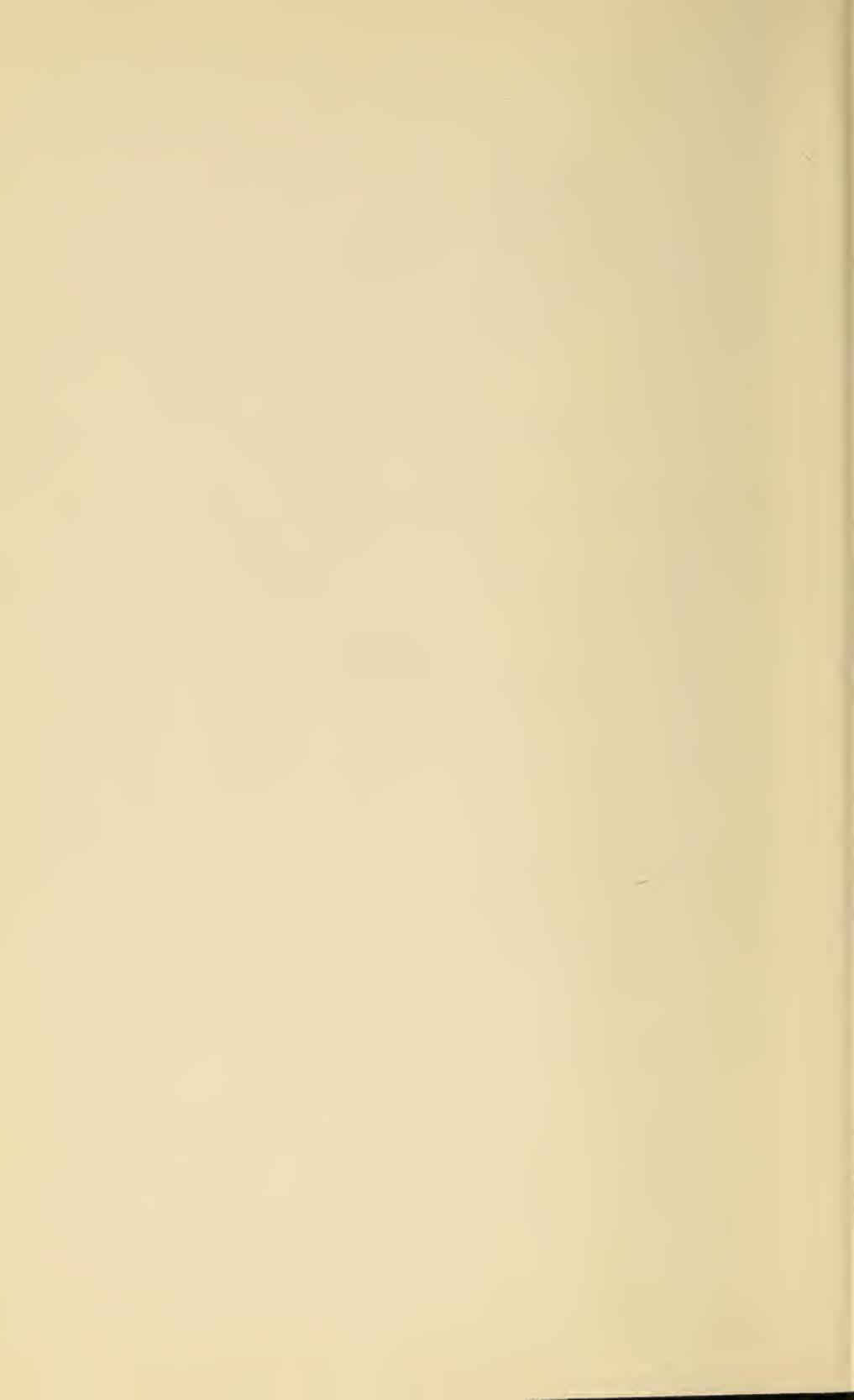
A “Lamp-Lighter” whose keen and vivid interpretation of the Bible has always been like an illuminating translation of God’s Word to his devoted daughter.





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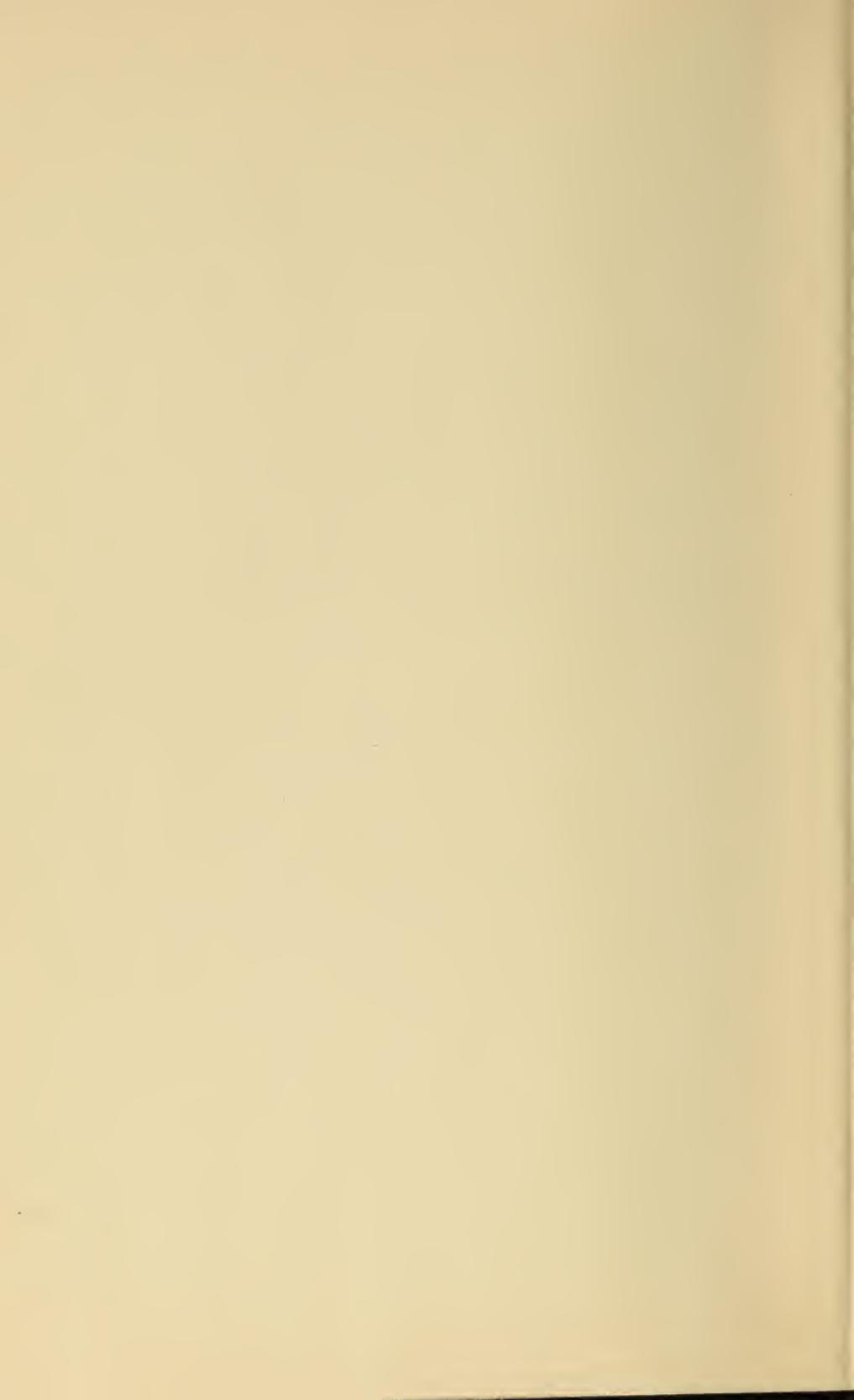


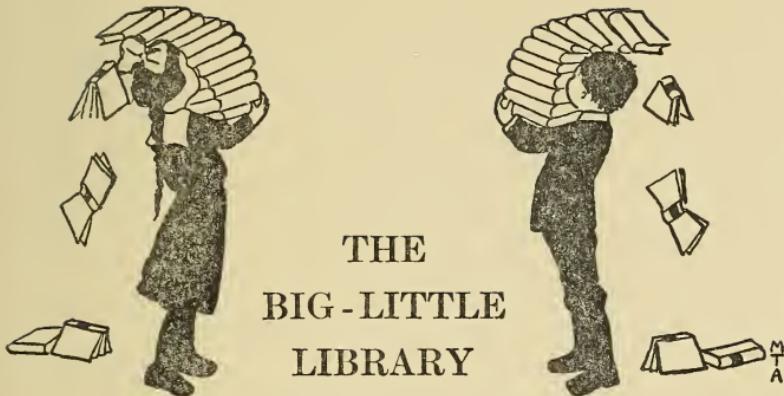
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THIS is the Thing-at-the-Front-that-you-Skip, only of course, I hope *you* will be curious enough to read it and find out why Peter and Polly got their pictures drawn staggering along under such a load of books!

It all came about like this: once when they were downtown they met the Lady-Who-Wrote-Things in front of a bookstore, and she asked them if they would be kind enough to carry home some books for her, as they were neighbors. Peter politely said that of course they would, while Polly sensibly asked how many there were, please!

Whereupon the Lady-Who-Wrote-Things smiled the queerest smile as she answered: "Let me see—there ought to be sixty-six."

"Sixty-six?" Peter whistled, while his face grew a mile long. For it's all very well to feel obliging to a nice neighbor, but perfectly impossible to carry home *all downtown* for her.

Polly promptly suggested letting the bookstore wagon deliver them, but the Lady-Who-Wrote Things said she hated to trouble them with such a *small* (?) order, which Peter and Polly could easily carry, turn and turn about.

At that, Peter, who was quick at arithmetic, divided sixty-six by two, and said it made *thirty-three* books apiece, and he honestly didn't believe he could ever do it! Not without dropping a book or two in the mud, you know. Or losing some. For they would surely reach from here on his coat, way up beyond his chin and his nose and his hair, way up into the air like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, or a steeplechase at the circus. As for his poor sister Polly, he hardly thought she ought to try it. For once she had had the mumps, you know, and when she was only a baby she—

But the Lady-Who-Wrote-Things whisked into the store before he got Polly decently excused. So he glared at Polly. And Polly glared at him. This horrible neighbor!

"Let's run!" Peter hissed between his teeth, starting off.

"Can't! She's back already," Polly groaned.

Then the Lady-Who-Wrote-Things handed Peter a very small package. "There!" she said, "and thank you very much."

He held it, of course. But he waited. And Polly waited.

"What are you waiting for?" the Lady asked.

"For the other sixty-five books," Peter replied, a little bored to find another lady as poor at arithmetic as Polly.

How her eyes did twinkle as she leaned over to whisper: "But you're carrying the sixty-six books this very minute!"

"Am I?" gasped Peter.

"Is he?" gasped Polly.

And they fastened their eyes on the astonishing package in perfect surprise.

"They must be awfully small books," Polly said curiously.

"It's not *books* at all, it's *book*," Peter announced after a thorough punching all over the package, "there's no library about this, honest injun! Why, I thought you were going to load us down with something almost a mile high—"

"And heavy," sighed Polly.

"And that they'd topple all over us—"

"What are they about, anyhow?" Polly asked, poking it here and there.

"Stories," answered the Lady-Who-Wrote-Things, "stories of adventure mostly, about gardens and deserts and camels and famous travelers and palaces and shepherd boys who became kings, and giants, and fishermen who followed a carpenter's Son, and shipwrecks. Why, my dears, it's the biggest kind of library, those sixty-six books!"

"Squeezed into THIS?" Peter gulped, unbelieving.

"Oh, as for that," laughed the Lady, "it's not only a Library, it's also a Lamp, and a Sword, and Bread, and more Precious than Jewels; and it's built all the hospitals and orphanages and old people's homes; and it's done more to rule the world than kings or guns or warships or submarines—"

"My goodness!" gasped Polly, her eyes like sau-

cers, as if she thought the magic package might blow up any minute.

But Peter had an inspiration: "I've guessed!" he shouted, "so won't you give me a look at it, just to make sure I'm right?"

"That's what I hoped you'd ask," nodded the Lady-Who-Wrote-Things, "for I know a wonderful game called '*Librarian*' which we three could play—"

"Oh, what fun!" (Chorus.)

"Handing out books to people who call—"

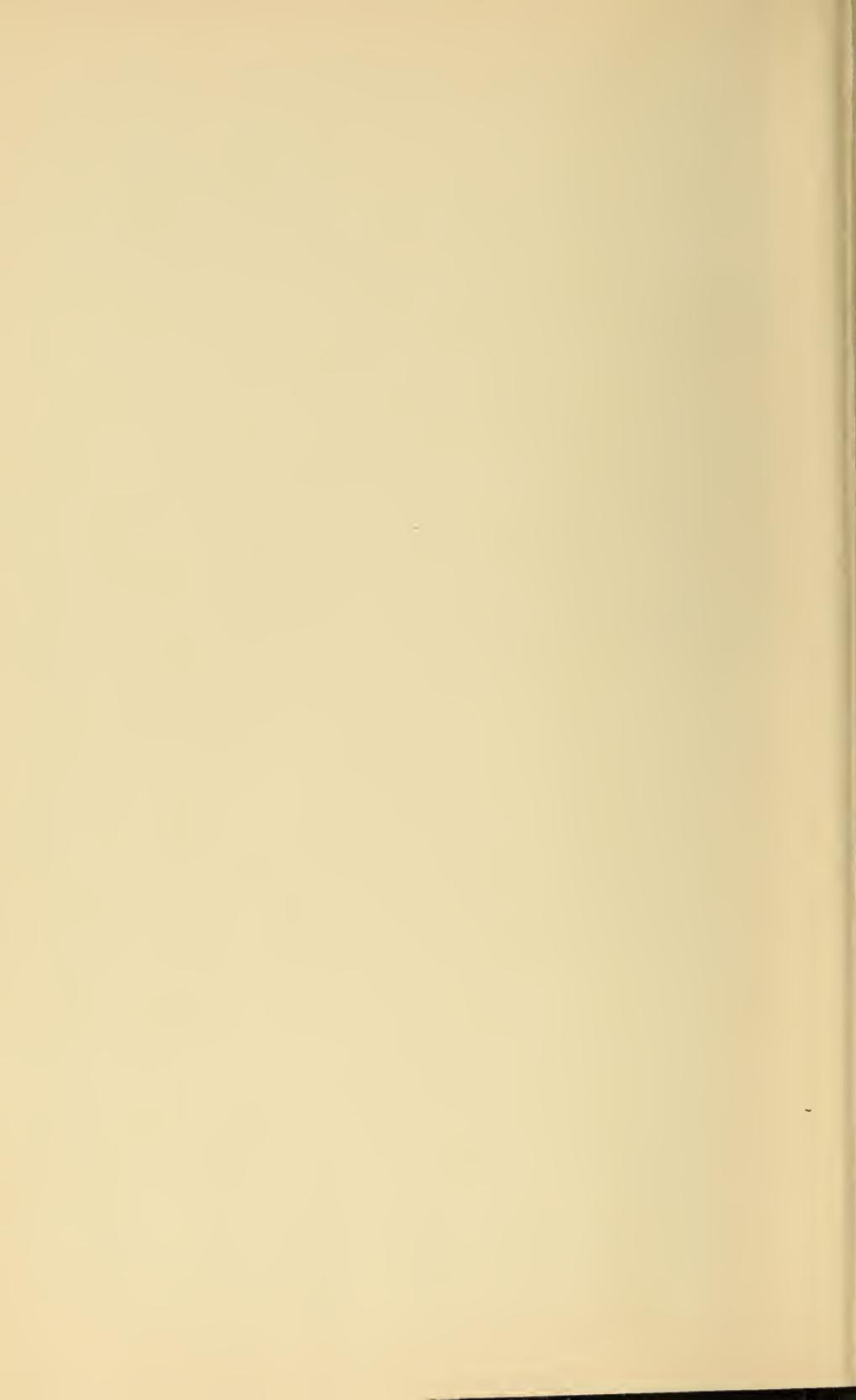
More chorus: "Hurrah! Let's race home and begin now, can't we?"

Which is the way they joined the long line of Librarians and Book-Sellers and Lamp-Lighters who are still playing God's wonderful game "Handing Down the Big Little Library." And in case you haven't guessed what this Library really is, you will find the very stories told to Peter and Polly written down here especially for you.

## CHAPTER I.

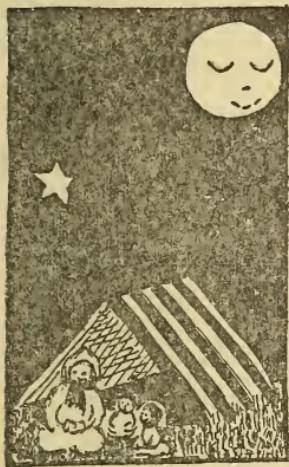
“HANDING DOWN THE BIG LITTLE LIBRARY”

“*And how hear we, every man in our  
own language wherein we were born?  
. . . speaking in our tongues the wonder-  
ful works of God?*” (ACTS II, 8)



## CHAPTER I.

### “HANDING DOWN THE BIG LITTLE LIBRARY”



NCE upon a time there were two little boys who were full of questions—the way boys sometimes are, even today! In the cool of the evening, when their father was through working on the very first farm that ever was made, they used to sit at their tent door and get him to tell the most fascinating stories about the wonderful garden he used to live in before he started his farm. And about how he used to be the only person in the world, until mother was made to keep him company.

“Tell us about how the Lord God let you name all the animals and things,” Cain used to say; and Abel would pipe up: “And all about that serpent mother hates!”

And so Adam would sit at his tent door and tell story after story about the Beginning of Everything; and, when Eve had rocked the little girl-babies to sleep, she would sit there, too, telling the things that *she* remembered.

It was only natural that when Cain finally married, he should tell his children the very same stories in the cool of other evenings, and, I expect, the children used to stare up at that funny man in

the moon and ask what grandfather Adam had named him! Later, when they themselves grew up, their babies loved to hear these same old stories; and, of course, long after the great flood was over surely Noah's grandchildren must have listened spellbound to the story of the ark with its strange cargo of animals, two of every kind, and probably they wondered anew why great-great-grandfather Adam ever named lions, lions, or elephants, elephants! There were new tales by this time, too,—about Methusaleh who lived longer than anybody else. And I suppose the little sons of Shem, Ham, and Japheth used to scamper off to peek through the bars at the animals just as you do at the zoo, and wonder why great-great-grandfather Adam ever named lions, lions, or elephants, elephants!

By and by, after Abraham journeyed across many deserts, camel-back, you may be sure that his nephew Lot and his little son Isaac liked to hear all about it, and about how God had promised him as many children as there were stars up in the sky. Can't you see Isaac squinting up, trying hard to count, beginning with the seven shiny stars of the Dipper then on and on until his sleepy eyes blinked shut, and Sarah wisely put him to bed?

Every new grandfather had new stories to add to the old ones, and the girls all thought that the love affairs of Isaac and Jacob were thrilling, while the boys grew excited over Joseph, whose brothers wickedly sold him as a slave to some foreigners, who took him to Egypt, where he became ever so important,—almost a Mr. Hoover for King Pharaoh, regulating the food supply in time of famine.

But the Baby-in-the-Bulrushes was to do better than *tell* stories! For the princess who rescued him from the water never knew that she was hiring his own mother to nurse him, and whisper stories to him about the past glories of his own people back in the Promised Land. Being a prince, he learned the queer Egyptian figure writing called *hieroglyphics*, and God put it into his heart to write down all the things his mother had so often told him. Although Moses never dreamed about handing his written stories down to you and me, yet God knew all about us even then, of course, and had you and me in mind while Moses was scratching his queer-looking hieroglyphics on crackly papyrus leaves. So Moses was Lamp-Lighter Number I to pass on the first five books of our Big Little Library to us. Probably you already know the names of his books: Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Deuteronomy, Numbers. Other Lamp-Lighters followed—like Samuel, David, and Solomon; but it was Ezra, the scribe, who was really an *editor*, arranging them for us into the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament.

For several thousand years these thirty-nine books seemed quite enough, and on Sabbath days they were read in the synagogue from the big papyrus scrolls. You will remember that Jesus Himself read them there. And when He was the carpenter's little son, down in Nazareth, I know that His dear mother Mary used to tell Him story after story about his ancestors,—Ruth and King David and Solomon.

By and by, after the Lord Jesus had gone back to heaven, one of His friends named Mark was away in a strange land telling people about Jesus, when God

put it into Mark's heart to write down all the things that he and Peter remembered about Jesus. He was a very brisk story-writer, with a nice jerky way of saying "*Straightway* Jesus did this or that," or "*Immediately* He did thus and so"—until nobody could escape seeing how the Lord Jesus was busy every minute of His wonderful life!

Other friends wrote down things that *they* had seen Him do and heard Him say, and they not only wrote these dear stories, they also wrote letters of advice and explanation to the little new churches they had started away off in foreign lands. Their story books are called Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts, and Revelation, while their letters form the rest of the New Testament part of our Big Little Library.

All of which shows you how those first Lamp-Lighters wrote our Library for us: sixty-six books in one book, but none of them in any language that you or I speak, for they were written in Hebrew or Aramaic or Greek.



UT the world is big, and a few sets of papyrus scrolls would not have been nearly enough to go around. So the busy Brown Monks copied and copied and copied! It was dreadfully stupid work, for they printed each letter, and ran all the letters together instead of separating them into words. And I am afraid that sometimes, on summer afternoons, when the bumble bees were droning lazily in

the clover just outside the monastery windows, and when gentle little breezes drowsily tickled their eyelids, that many a monk, like Winken and Blinken and Nod, sailed off in a silver dream boat! After nice little naps they would wake up with a jerk and a guilty look over their shoulders and start copying again, pell mell! But when the sentences looked like this:—

ET RESPONDENS JESUS DIXIT EIS  
PROFECTI ANNUNCIA TE JOANNI —

it is only natural they should skip several lines by mistake, isn't it? And from that time to this, wise translators have been worrying their poor heads over these blunders, wondering what is right and what is wrong!

In that day many of those Brown Monks in Italy had souls so full of love for the Lord Jesus that they wanted to make His Book a thing of beauty, and not long ago when I was in Italy I loved to look at their old yellow parchment Bibles, with the funny Latin words all run together and quaint little pictures tucked in here and there along the margins, softly painted, to form frames for the first letters of new paragraphs, just as has been done in this chapter. And down in my heart I said "Thank you!" to the Brown Monks of Long Ago for being such cheerful Lamp-Lighters, working away day after day to hand down the Big Little Library to me—and to you, too, of course, only I didn't know you then!

Then their parchment Bibles began going on trips, carried by those same Brown Monks. Dangerous trips, up north of Italy, to Savage-People-who-did-

not-want-Monks. You will hardly believe that it was your great-great-great-great-grandfather to whom they went, and mine too! Wild yellow-haired savages they were in those days, brandishing spears and axes, dressed in the skins of wild animals, living in caves or in forests, killing one another, and drinking wine from the skulls of their enemies. It hardly seems possible that anybody in my nice quiet family was like that only fifteen hundred years ago—or in your family, either, does it?

France was called Gaul in those far-away days; and some years after Cæsar's famous Gallic wars with the savages there, the Brown Monks travelled up into Gaul, armed only with Bibles, while other Brown Monks ventured among the equally savage Goths who lived in Germany, and still others sailed across the choppy North Sea to the tawny-haired Britons who lived in England. It was a big task for those quiet, patient monks, and there are certain names we can only hear with the greatest admiration—like *Augustine*, the monk who went to England, and *Patrick*, who went to Ireland, and *Columba*, who settled in Scotland. For they built monasteries and taught those tawny-haired ancestors of ours how to spell and read the queer Latin words in the parchment Bibles. And the first thing the monks knew, all over England (and over in France and Germany, too) the fierce savages began calming down; they built themselves decent homes such as the monks taught them to build, and they wore modest clothes such as the monks taught them to weave, and they were so much happier that they trained up some monks of their own who could go and convert other

savage tribes to worship the true God,—which is the way England got to be England, and France got to be France.

And yet, if those brown-robed monks had traveled *eastward* to Greece and India and China, instead of *westward* to France and England then you and I would still be pagans—unless “they” sent Lamp-Lighters to *us* faster than we send them to *them*!

All this time the Bible was still in Greek or Hebrew or Latin, which only scholars could understand, and, I suppose, nice Mr. and Mrs. Cloth-Weaver and Mr. and Mrs. Market-Man sat wondering what the good Book really said, when the priest mumbled those unknown words! The very little Weavers and the Baby Market-Men blinked and yawned their poor little heads nearly off! You would have, too.

But over in England people began trying to translate the Bible. Earliest of all was a Saxon cowherd named Cædmon, to whom an abbess named Hilda used to chant a translation of the Latin Scriptures, so that he could *sing* them to the common people, like a chanted story. Next came a scholar named Bede, who died the very day he finished translating John’s Gospel; and a little later the famous King Alfred became a Lamp-Lighter, but you will smile to see the kind of English our great-great-great-grandfathers spoke in those days: “UREN FADER DHIC ART IN HEOFNAS” (“Our Father who art in heaven”!).

Then for several hundred years only the Latin Bible was read in England in church, and half of the people grew up never knowing what it was all about. But John Wyclif had the same idea for

England that Martin Luther had for Germany, and so he finally translated the entire Bible into the "modir tonge"; England was such a wicked land just then, however, that our ancestors tried to put Wyclif to death, for they really did not *want* to read for themselves how God asked them to live.

One hundred years later the next true English Lamp-Lighter was William Tyndale; by this time John Gutenberg's printing press was ready to print his Bible, but poor Mr. Tyndale was so unpopular with the wicked priests and the King that in 1536 they actually burned him to death at the stake, where he kept praying over and over: "God open the King of England's eyes."

God answered that prayer, for three years later there was one of his Bibles in every pulpit. We got our English Bible because there were Lamp-Lighters willing to suffer persecution, imprisonment and death. As one of Wyclif's friends said in the quaint English of that age: "*God grant to us all grace to ken well and to kepe well Holie Writ, and to suffer joiefulli some paine for it at the last.*"

Over in Germany a wise monk, named Martin Luther, had the same idea: why not give his people the Bible in their own language? Why, of course! So he translated the Bible, and found it hard work, as one of his famous remarks shows: "Great God, how painful and laborious it is to compel the Hebrew writers to speak German!" Yet when the people who wove cloth and the merchants in the markets read for themselves how the Lord Jesus wanted them to live, it made life so much clearer to them all. Martin Luther had other new ideas about Christiani-



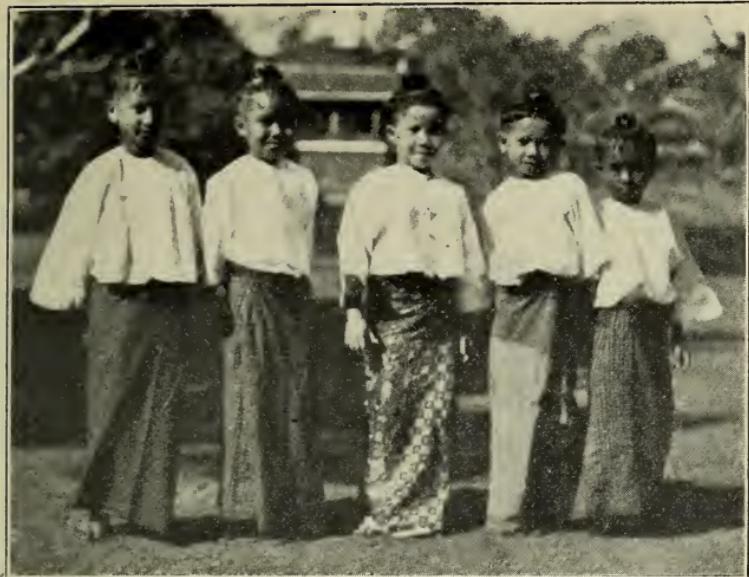
HER Brahman father is so rich that he can load her down with loops of gold necklaces and armlets and bracelets and earrings, until she sparkles like a Christmas tree! Yet she never saw a Christmas tree in all her life, nor lighted one tiniest Christmas candle, nor heard one softest Christmas carol. For she is a lonely high caste child living in the zenana part of her Hindu home, day after day she has nothing to do but to dress up and wonder what is happening out-of-doors.



It was the nicest kind of a little hobby, and he just sat and sat and sat on it, teetering up and down, clucking "g'dap!" and "whoa!" in Hindustani, feeling immensely proud.

But Mrs. Missionary had a hobby, too, the kind nobody can sit on, however, as it was a "loves-people-hobby" which had made her cross wide oceans to teach brown children in India; and although you can't see her, she has just told her little guest that if he will get off the wooden hobby she will tell him a Jesus story.

You can see for yourself that he is dreadfully divided in his mind: he dotes on stories but he hates to give up his precious horse. What do you suppose he will do?



No, they aren't dressed *up*, they are just *dressed*. As usual! For they always wear their hair screwed into cunning little top-knots, and their tight hobble skirts always reach clear down to the ground. "Number two" is smiling because she loves being at our Burman mission school; indeed they *all* love it, although both "number four" and "number five" seem a little shy about looking at the camera, don't you think so?

You can see one of the school buildings in the background. Surely in their own quiet way these five little maids-in-a-row will be quite as important in Burma as any nine gorgeous young princes, coming to school on nine lumbering elephants, with eighteen gold umbrellas to keep off the sun. For some day the five girls may be teachers in our mission schools, or doctors in our mission hospitals, or the mothers of dimply brown babies in some new little houses-on-stilts. "*God bless them every one.*"



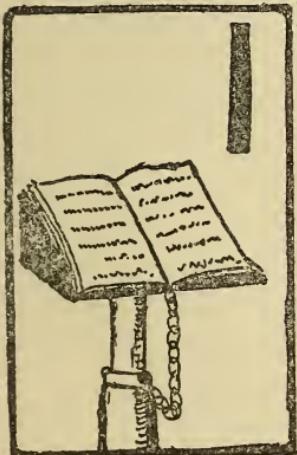
THE plump little fellow in the quilted jacket is brimful of the adventures of his own grandfather. You can almost hear him confiding in the Chinese camera-man that grandfather is an evangelist who goes off to far-away towns to tell heathen people about Jesus. He packs a wheelbarrow full of Bibles and trundles them uphill and downhill for weeks at a time.

"There just wouldn't be Bibles in lots of places if it weren't for *him*!" the little grandson insists proudly.

Even the swaddled baby looks full of pride about it; while Twin Sister squints at us a little severely: "If you don't believe it, ask mother!" she seems to say.

ty, too, and so he stopped being a monk then and there,—which was really the beginning of all our Protestant churches!

One wonderful thing about looking back into our yesterdays, is to see that *history* is really *His-story*: for when God put it into the heart of Martin Luther to translate the Bible into everyday talk, somebody else in Germany, named John Gutenberg, had invented a printing press, so that it was no longer necessary for busy monks to copy each letter, but clanking presses clashed and banged, and busy little “printer’s-devils” dashed madly around with sheets of wet paper covered with the inky words of the German Bible, the very first book ever printed with *movable* type. God gets things ready in time, and He uses people’s inventions in one country to spread His gospel way around the world to other countries. Yet I suppose none of those cross little printer’s-devils ever dreamed that they were Lamp-Lighters! They probably dreamed of supper and of a game of ball out on the green afterwards. *But God knew!*



MAGINE how strange it would be to see a big, thick Bible *chained* to the pulpit desk in your church! Yet that is what they often did in those days several hundred years ago, when Bibles were scarce and expensive, and only the wealthy could own them.

But all on account of Mary Jones a new day was coming. Yet Mary Jones never dreamed

about being a Lamp-Lighter, for she was just a little girl, your age, who wanted *Something* very badly!

She lived over in Wales where there are lots of mountains sitting around all over the landscape, and every time Mary went to see this Something, she had to trudge uphill and downhill for two miles to get to It. There It lay on her aunt's table, and she would open It to read the nicest stories about The Little Girl-Who-Died-but-was-Made-Alive-Again (her father's name was Jairus, you know), or about that Wonderful-Picnic-Lunch-Basket, which a certain mother had packed for her little boy, never dreaming that the two small fishes and the seven flat loaves were going to feed five thousand hungry people! Mary Jones loved those stories enough to tramp over the hills four miles every week, until one day she said to herself (in Welsh, of course) "Why not earn some money and buy a Bible all my own? I will!"

She was ten years old then, so she saved and saved and saved for *s-i-x* long years before she thought she had enough money. Then the big question was—where, oh, where, could one buy a Bible, for they were so scarce?

But one day she heard about a minister away over at Bala who had Welsh Bibles for sale. To be sure, Bala was twenty-five miles away and ever so many craggy Welsh mountains sat right in the way. But Mary clutched her precious money in her hand and vigorously trudged "over the hills and far away" to Bala town! She reached there late at night, and oh dear! oh dear! Mr. Minister's house was shut up, and dark! Yet I never heard that she cried even two salt tears; she simply walked around until she found

another house, still wide-awake with twinkling lights where the astonished family put her to bed for the night.

The next morning they took her over to the minister's, and she told her quaint little story of saving money for six long years and tramping twenty-five miles, and now she would like a Bible, please. Then what do you suppose that minister said,—*that every single Bible was sold!*

And then poor Mary Jones *did* cry! More than two salt tears, too. She wailed as if her dear, little Welsh heart would surely break, until Mr. Charles (the minister) could not stand seeing her grief another minute, and so he gave her his own Bible. Mary did April Showers then, with a rainbow attachment, and with many a happy “Thank you, kind sir” she trotted back home over those twenty-five miles with her Treasure under her arm.

But you must not suppose that she walks out of this story-book yet; for Mr. Charles went to London and told everybody about that plucky little Welsh lassie who considered a Bible worth miles of walking and years of saving. He begged the London people to form a society to supply more Welsh Bibles.

Then up jumped a Man-with-an-Idea: “*If for Wales, why not for the whole World?*” he shouted, and everybody cheered and cheered!

Soon afterwards, the great British and Foreign Bible Society was formed in England; then by and by the American Bible Society was formed here in our country; and other societies in France and Germany, too—all because little Welsh Mary had loved the Bible and wanted one so badly.

But Mary's story does not end even here: I don't suppose that it can *ever* end, for at this very minute giant printing-presses are printing thousands of new Bibles in all kinds of languages known in the world, and thousands of men are making these Bibles loop the world,—men on camels stalking across hot deserts, with Arabian Bibles stuffed in their saddle-bags; men on elephants plodding through steaming jungles, with Hindu Bibles in burlap sacks; men in bullock carts jouncing from village to village, with Burman Bibles in wooden crates; men pushing squeaky wheelbarrows uphill and down, peddling Chinese Bibles; men rolling along under bamboo trees in *jinrikishas*, peddling Japanese Bibles; men paddling among crocodiles in tree-trunk canoes, peddling African Bibles; men on dog-sleds scooting over snow prairies, peddling Eskimo Bibles; men in automobiles whizzing all over our own country, peddling American Bibles—all on account of little Mary Jones!

The Bible Societies are printing Bibles today in about seven hundred different languages and dialects, making the Bible speak everybody's language, just the way Wyclif and Tyndale, years ago, made it speak *our* language. It is the World's Best Seller, too, because people's hearts are hungry for the good news it contains.

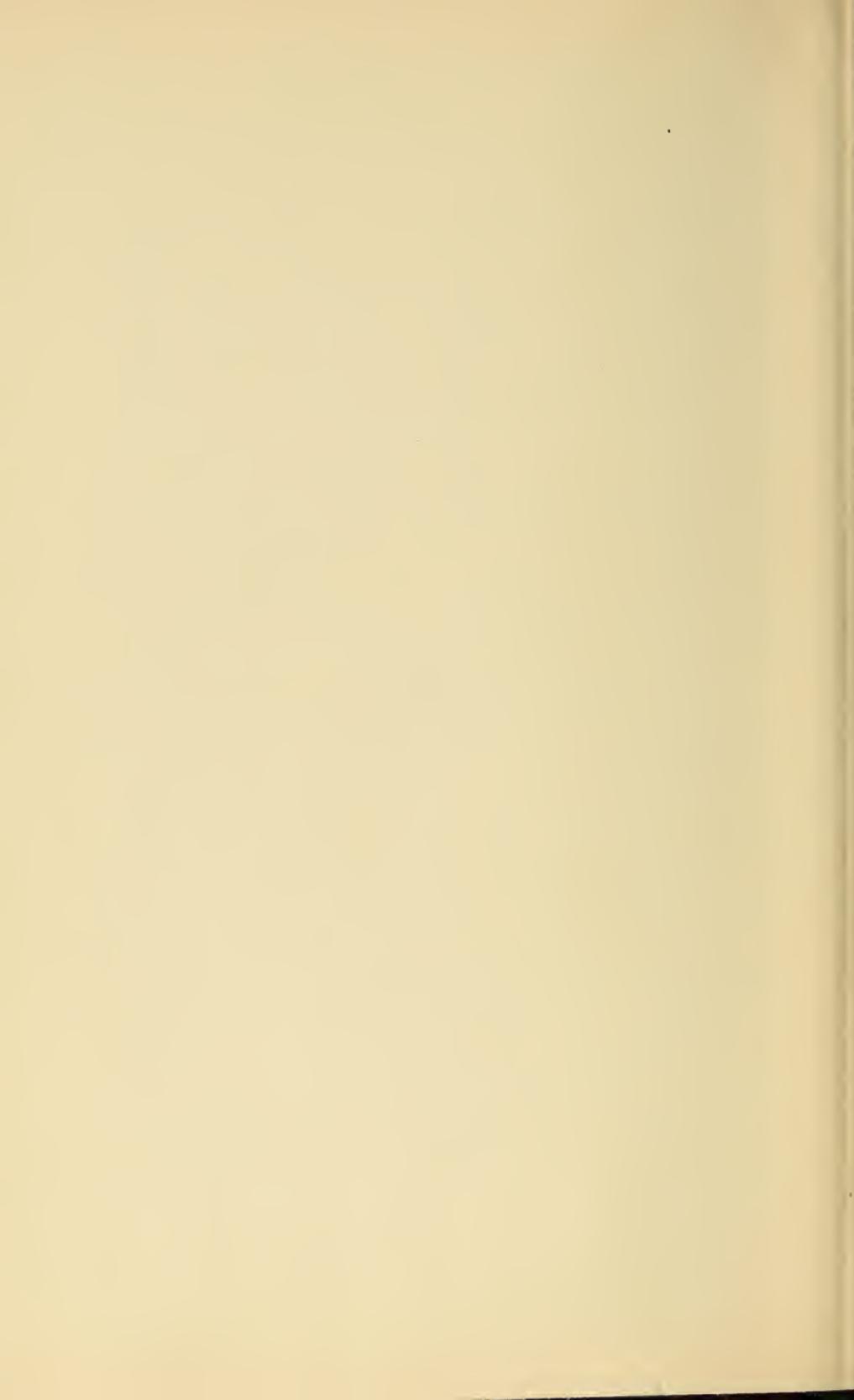
Have you ever held a big sea-shell to your ear and listened to it hum and murmur, as if it were telling you about its longings to be back home in old ocean? If I were only a fairy I would turn you into little Mr. and Miss Atlases and let you hold the world on your shoulders, so that I could hold country by country against your ear and let you hear it murmur its great

longing, as if it knew it would always be restless until it rested in God. "But where, oh where, is the real God?" each country murmurs.

All on account of Lamp-Lighters this hunger for God is being satisfied. And if you ask me why we call them *Lamp-Lighters*, let me remind you that just as Bible stories have guided our own feet into Christian paths, so they will guide the weary wandering feet of all the little yellow children and the brown, black, and red children in God's family back to Him, for

"*Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.*" (PSALM CXIX,105)





## CHAPTER II.

“THE BOOK THE SHOE-COBBLER MADE”

“*The law of thy mouth is better unto me  
than thousands of gold and silver.*”  
(PSALM CXIX, 72)



## CHAPTER II.

### “THE BOOK THE SHOE-COBBLER MADE”

ONCE upon a time there was a Cobbler. All day long he cobbled shoes for a living: *scrootch-scrootchi-scrootch*, you could have heard him cutting out the leather, or *tap-tap-i-tap*, he was hammering nails for dear life! But he was never bored at doing such stupid jobs, because while he patiently hammered away his mind was busy taking long trips to distant lands —a most unusual Cobbler, as you plainly can see.

On the wall opposite his bench he had a curious map, made out of bits of brown paper pasted together in the shape of the world, so big that it covered the whole side of the wall. Here and there all over it he kept pasting clippings which told about the different countries, and sometimes he tucked in little sentences of his own, or drew little drawings.

He seemed to know all about Everywhere! Even years before, when he was only ten, his playmates nicknamed him “Columbus,” and they used to scramble up into the branches of a dwarf witch-elm tree, like so many big hungry birds, to hear this new little Christopher tell the most blood-curdling stories about the queer, far-off lands on the other side of the world, where savage people lived whose faces were yellow or black or brown. A wonderful old sailor named Captain Cook, had just come home from these out-of-the-way places, and you may be sure those boys up in the elm tree listened with all their ears, as “Columbus” told just how the dreadful cannibals

ate one another up, and how the yellow people drowned girl babies.

When "Columbus" grew up into a Cobbler, it was no wonder that he could make such a perfect map or take such lengthy trips, while he hammered nails into shoe-soles,—trips to those wretched places where everything was all wrong, where little children were so unsafe, and where grown-ups worshipped carved dolls of wood and stone and called them "gods."

Beside him on his bench was his Bible, always open, and, while he sat cobbling, two words seemed to keep staring him in the face:—"Go ye!" "Go ye!" they called at him day after day!

Finally he could stand it no longer, and so our quiet Cobbler went to a big meeting, and, standing right up, suggested to everybody that just as Jesus Christ had sent His apostles into far-off places, so Christian ministers ought still to obey that command, "Go ye into all the world—and teach the nations," and to keep on going until everyone everywhere had accepted the glad tidings.

Dear me! You should have seen the chairman of the meeting, a nice old gentleman, good as gold, but so angry at the Cobbler that he shouted at him: "Sit down, young man! When God wants to convert the heathen, He will do it without your help or mine!"

Other ministers pounced on the Cobbler, too: didn't he know that he couldn't speak the strange languages of those fierce savages? Didn't he realize how very far away from England such people lived? And that they would probably kill him? And that God surely would have made it very clear if He wanted English ministers to run such risks;—surely

He could have sent a second Pentecost with the “gift of tongues,” so that Englishmen could talk any language without the least bit of trouble!

The Cobbler went home. But those two little words “Go ye!” kept on twinkling up at him from his open Bible, and the Christ-less unhappy places on his map kept beckoning to him, too; then he wrote some wonderful newspaper articles, proving what each faraway land needed, proving also that Englishmen could learn strange languages, if they cared to! One day, at another meeting, he preached a remarkable sermon on: “Expect great things from God! Attempt great things for God!”—in fact, it was such a stirring sermon that four months later those very same ministers sent the Cobbler to India. They had organized a new society and raised enough money to pay his expenses.

This was in 1793. India was a very hard place to reach in those days: It took five long, weary months of rolling and tossing in a most uncomfortable ship. Even when he landed, nobody seemed to want him,—for the East India Company decided that missionaries would probably be a great nuisance to have around, so *they* were most unpleasant to him! As for the millions of brown people, I imagine they were a wee bit doubtful about this very white man who insisted on being interested in them.

But Mr. William Carey, Shoe-Cobbler, had come all that long distance from England on purpose to be interested in brown people and he watched them by the hour. You would have, too! Everything was so different—and so wrong.

He found that India is a land full of hot little

villages, shaded by palm trees and mango trees, with row upon row of thatched mud huts which look for all the world like hay stacks! He found that little brown babies with nothing on rolled around in the dusty roads, making mud-less mud pies, because the piping hot sun had dried up the mud, and parched all the ground until grass and vegetables shriveled and died. The poor people almost died, too. From hunger. And bad water. And quack doctors. The babies' fathers wore big, bulb-y turbans on their heads, that looked like giant tulips; and the babies' mothers wore several yards of soft, clinging goods looped round and round them, without a single button to keep them in place!

The Cobbler noticed that the families who swept the streets belonged to the Sweeper Caste and had nothing to do with the families who sold goods, and belonged to the Merchant Caste. He heard that there were over two thousand of these castes in India, each caste unwilling to have friendship with any other caste,—or to marry, or sometimes even to touch! Mr. Carey could never visit the high-caste women, because they lived cooped up indoors all the time, in a part of the house called the zenana, for high-caste husbands never allowed any other man to see their wives and daughters. This made life dreadfully stupid for the women, with nothing to do but loll around and tell each other foolish stories.

It all made Mr. Carey more and more sure that he was *needed!*

He soon discovered that little girls were married to quite old men; but that young or old—when the husband died, the wife was somehow considered

guilty, and her live body was often burned with his dead one. Later on, Mr. Carey did all he could until a law was passed forbidding this horrible sacrifice. But no law could help the widows who *lived*,—their pretty black hair was always shaved away, their tinkling bracelets and necklaces were pulled off, they were given old clothes to wear, and rarely had but one skimpy meal a day—for now they were outcasts, “untouchables” forever and ever!

He could see them any day hanging wreaths of yellow marigolds around the necks of the “sacred” temple cows, or crawling on their knees from shrine to shrine, seeking forgiveness for their sins from those unblinking stone idols, which sat in stony silence all through the year, unmoved even by the sad little presents of food or flowers. Proud men in huge, gaudy turbans bowed their heads to the dust before stone elephant idols or stone monkey idols or any of the other *twenty million* idols they have in India, and Mr. Carey said to himself: “How hungry they are for peace! They need our Bible in their own language. The Bible made England England, it can make India, too.”

And so he patiently learned the queer, new words which the brown people softly jabbered to each other. He would listen all day, and study all night with some man, wearing a bright turban. Sometimes when he was off in a strange village and discovered a new word, he would grab a palm-leaf off a tree, and scratch the word on it! He even went to the native school where little boys were tracing the queer hooks and curves of their Hindu alphabet in the sand,—and *he* traced letters in the sand, too. Little

by little he learned an immense number of words, enough to talk to everybody and to translate the Bible for them.

You will be sorry to hear how very poor he was just then, because not enough money could be sent from England to support him. He took a position as superintendent of an indigo factory near Calcutta, and was so honest that he saved out only enough money from his wages for his actual expenses,—all the rest he used for the Bible translation about which he cared so much. He preached to the thousand brown laborers in his factory, and he made trips in an uncomfortable, springless bullock-cart among two hundred of the little villages near Calcutta. But although he preached and preached and preached, it was *seven* long, hot years before a single brown person became a Christian. It must have been a little discouraging to him, but he knew that in the end somebody would be touched by the dear stories in his Bible. That “somebody” turned out to be Krishna Pal, who had been helping William Carey translate the Bible, and who was so happy when he accepted Christ that he wrote the beautiful hymn:—

“O thou, my soul, forget no more  
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore.  
Let every idol be forgot;  
But, O my soul, forget Him not.”

There are about one hundred and sixty different languages in India, and William Carey took the immense trouble to learn over thirty-four, so that he could give the people a Bible in their own particular tongue. He made a Bengali dictionary with 80,000

words in it, and because he was so tireless and pains-taking and devoted during his forty years in India, we can consider him as THE Lamp-Lighter who gave the Word of God to India's 300,000,000 people. And yet there were other brave Lamp-Lighters in India, too—like Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, whose first Bible translation into Tamil was scratched on palm leaves, because paper was so scarce! There was Henry Martyn also, and many another famous man whose work began to change the brown people all over India, wherever the Book of books was read.

Little by little, month after month things began to happen. An Englishman, named Sir Bartle Frere, governor of Madras Presidency, wrote home to England about some little villages near him where somebody had received just one of the sixty-six books of our Big Little Library. Perhaps it was Luke's Gospel. Anyhow, that one person read and read and read until he knew the message by heart; then he passed it on to his neighbors, and they finally decided to burn the idols in their temples and live as nearly like the Lord Jesus as possible. For in that one Book there was something warm and lovely that satisfied the hunger they felt: a hunger and longing which stone idols did not help. "Let us *get down into* this new religion," the low caste people said to each other; and you often met a sad little shut-in lady who said wistfully: "I think your Book must have been written by a *woman*, it is so kind to women!"

Even the proud high caste people found something to win them in that Book. There was one man named Narayen Sheshadri, who belonged to the Brahman

caste, so frightfully high caste that the villagers knelt and drank the very rain-pools in which he had wet his feet. Yet when he read our Bible, he was so impressed that he gave up his idols and his high position, to become a simple Christian preacher. He built a Christian village, with a school and a church, and spent the rest of his life passing on the Bible to others.

But our busy missionaries knew that they themselves were not nearly enough in number to go around into all the thousands of villages, and so they trained "Bible women," who could visit those lonely little ladies shut up in zenanas, and the forlorn outcaste beggar-women, and the despised sweepers on the street, and the weary laundresses down by the river side, and the poor women in the bazaars weaving silk or making cigars. The nice part about it is, that although you and I may never be able to go to India (or to China or Japan, either) or speak a single word of those strange languages, yet we can easily have someone of *our very own* "Over There"—for twenty-five dollars will support one of those dear Bible women one whole year; even supposing you had only two dollars to give: that would pay her salary for an entire month, while she visited about one hundred little thatched huts, telling the wonderful stories of Jesus to at least four hundred mothers and daughters and wrinkled old grannies!

Then you wouldn't feel quite so ashamed if you should meet the old bent grannie who once said to our missionary: "How long is it since this Jesus, of whom you speak, died for sinful people?" When it was explained to her that this happened long, long



CAN'T you fairly *hear* the little Chinese wishes clicking inside these cunning Chinese heads? For you can see for yourself how they love that doll,—although the Littlest Scholar looks away as if she were all discouraged about it! Perhaps she is thinking that if Miss Honorable Teacher gives the doll to anybody it certainly will not be to such a tiny unimportant beginner as herself, who can't even read or count yet!

Just suppose we could send a box of our very own to China, with enough dolls to go around so that every single child could have one, even Little Dismal Discouragement! Oh *wouldn't* they all turn right-about-face and bow, and bow, and bow, the politest Chinese bows?



HONORABLE Miss Cradle-That-Walks-on-Two-Feet sucks her under lip  
very hard, when Humpty-Dumpty slips further down her back.  
You *have* noticed his American shoes, haven't you? And her Chinese  
ones?



SURELY you will be glad to meet Katie and Olive Woo, for they dressed themselves especially to have their pictures taken for you? Their hair-ribbons are quite American, as you can see, but their neat little trousers and that monstrous big parasol are altogether Chinese. Perhaps you have guessed that they are Christians, too. Why? Because their feet are not bound into the painful "golden lilies" on which the poor heathen girls must hobble.



LITTLE Three-Years-Old is thinking it over. For something very delightful has certainly happened to her mother. She used to be tired and unhappy when she went to the gorgeous temple and beat a large drum to wake up the hideous red-and-gold-idol-with-the-staring-eyes. Now she sits at home with a new black Book always open on her knees; every day she slowly spells out a few new sentences and says: "Good! So good! I was hungry for this!" And every seven days she says to Little Three-Years-Old: "Come, it is the Lord's Day. Let us go to worship." But there is no drum, no idol, no gorgeous temple. Just lovely songs and quietness. Little Three-Year-Old thinks it must be that little black Book which has made all the difference!

ago, she said a bit angrily: "Then why didn't God let me know years before this?"

Our missionary said that God had left the telling of His story to His followers (like you and me!), whereupon grannie said: "Then where have *you* been all this time that I have never heard this wonderful story? Look at me! I am now an old woman. All my life I have said the prayers the temple priests have told me to say. And I have given alms, and gone to all the holy shrines, often crawling on my knees. My old body is dried up and become as dust with fasting. Yet now you tell me all this is useless because Jesus died to take away my sins. Tell me—*where have you been all this time?*"

Unless I had helped with my money, I wouldn't know what to say to her, would you? For she would seem to *expect* us to be modern Lamp-Lighters! And we failed.

#### THE BIBLE THAT HID IN A PILLOW



ONCE there was a Baby-Who Played-Church-all-the-Time! You would have smiled to see him turn all his tiny playmates into a solemn "congregation," while he thundered the biggest sermons at them, thumping a footstool (his pulpit desk, of course) and looking dreadfully important! Babies who learn to read when they are three years old, and play church when they are four, are very apt to grow up famous, especially as our baby preacher liked this hymn the very best: "Go Preach my Gospel, saith the Lord." I am sure

you have guessed that a boy like that would turn into a Lamp-Lighter some day, after he went through college, the brightest man in his class!

But isn't it funny what little things decide big things? For it took a *Thunder-storm* and a *Hay-stack* to start young Adoniram Judson on his career!

Pitter patter! Pitter patter! Crash bang! Down dashed the rain,—four young men rushed to the hay-stack for shelter; and, while the storm raged outside, those four decided they would go as missionaries, if God showed them the way. The hardest question was where the money would come from; for at that time in America our great-grandfathers had never even dreamed of sending Lamp-Lighters across the sea. But they were finally persuaded to form a society, and Mr. Judson was sent to India.

This was in the year 1812. Like William Carey, he had a most uncomfortable trip over the ocean, lasting a year and a half; and when he reached India, the East India Company still thought missionaries would be a perfect nuisance to have around, and so they would not let him land, and ordered him to go back home! But Babies-Who-Play-Church generally grow up into Men-Who-Must-Serve-God, and Adoniram Judson knew that he simply could *not* go back to America; and after much trouble he sailed across to Burma, landing in Rangoon.

Burma is really a part of India, although entirely different in almost every way. Moreover, India was governed by England, but Burma was ruled by a heathen King, like the wicked ones in fairy stories who have an unpleasant fashion of chopping off their subjects' heads whenever they feel like it!

The Burmans worship an idol called Buddha,—there were large images of him where people went with their offerings, and tiny images which sat on little god-shelves in the Burmese “Houses-on-Stilts.” For the Burmans build their houses up in the air on four posts to keep them dry in the rainy season, and to keep the snakes away, too.

Can’t you make a little picture in your mind of our Mr. Judson climbing up some rickety ladder to a little House-on-Stilts, where he would sit cross-legged on the dirty bamboo floor, telling the astonished brown mothers and fathers about the real God whom he wished they would have in their home, instead of a little brass Buddha? All of which made the Priests-in-yellow-robés very angry. They were lazy fellows who went through the streets every day with little boys who carried begging-bowls, into which devoted housewives put cooked rice and fish for the yellow-robed priest to eat,—for this was the way to please Buddha, said the priests! Yet they themselves never looked at these women who handed out food, for Buddha had told his followers that women were not even as good as animals and so the lofty priest kept a fan tucked inside his gown, which could be whipped out and held before his face, lest he catch even the tiniest glimpse of such sinful creatures.

Adoniram Judson knew he had just the message for such slighted mothers and girls, but it was very slow work making them believe, for not only did he have to learn the language, but he had to convince the people that his religion was better. I suppose they wondered and wondered about this strange

white-man-who-ate-their-relatives! For you must know that Buddhists believe that when a person dies his spirit is re-born and comes back to earth in some other form,— perhaps as a dog, or a cat, or a cow, or a snake, or a fly. No Burman dares kill animal, insect, bird, or reptile, for how could he know whether it was his very own grandfather or not! Yet here was Mr. Judson swatting flies, and killing snakes, and eating “relatives” at every meal; the people were scandalized. Yet when Mr. and Mrs. Judson told these poor, scared people about Heaven, and about the kind Heavenly Father who never sent *anybody* back to earth as a toad or a cow, I suppose they wondered and wondered still more. But it was seven long years before a single Burman believed the good news enough to become a Christian; all those years Mr. Judson kept translating the Bible into their language so that when they could read the wonderful stories for themselves they might be more readily convinced. Although this Lamp-Lighter had those seven blue years, he wrote home to America that “the prospects were as bright as the promises of God!”

After ten years in Rangoon, the Judsons decided to move to Ava where the wicked King lived. But they had hardly settled down when England began a war with Burma, and the Burman King at once clapped every white man into prison, saying they were *spies*; even Adoniram Judson, who was American, and not English, at all.

There aren’t ugly enough words to describe that prison, which was all one room, with no windows and only one door. The hot Burman sun beat down

on the roof until the prison felt like a fiery furnace. Inside were one hundred miserable prisoners, whom the cruel guards tortured in every possible way. Mr. Judson was a prisoner for eleven months there; all that time he had three pairs of iron fetters bound around his ankles so tightly that the scars lasted all his life. At night the guards cruelly passed a bamboo pole between the feet of the prisoners, then raised the pole to the ceiling, leaving the poor men with only their heads and shoulders touching the floor, until morning.

At three o'clock each afternoon a Big Stillness settled over the prison; a gong outside struck the hour, and in stalked the hideous spotted executioner. Nobody knew but that it was *his* turn to die now! The King had a caged lion outside the prison; the prisoners knew by its awful bellowings that it was being starved, and they supposed that they themselves were to be fed to it when their turn came. But the lion died of hunger before this could be done, and plucky Mrs. Judson cleaned out that cage and persuaded the governor to let her husband be imprisoned out there alone, since he was very, very ill with fever.

And he was worried, too! About his precious translation of the Bible,—for it had not been printed yet, and was just a hand-written copy. He knew the Burmans were ransacking every white man's home, stealing things right and left. But Mrs. Judson was very clever, and hid those carefully written pages in the safest kind of a hiding-place: *a pillow!* She then brought it to his prison, and nobody dreamed that the white man's head rested all night on the Word of God!

But lo! and behold, Mr. Jailor saw that pillow and wanted it. Nothing was simpler than to grab it!

Mrs. Judson brought a better pillow to the prison the next day, however, and Mr. Judson offered to swap! The surprised jailor was more than willing, of course, wondering why he was so lucky.

But, after eleven months in this Ava prison, Mr. Judson was taken to a second one at Aung-Pen-La. As the prisoners were leaving Ava, a guard stole the Judson pillow, for he very much wanted the matting cover! He ripped it off, and carelessly tossed the cotton stuffing away, little dreaming of the hidden treasure.

You can imagine how poor Mr. Judson felt, seeing ten years of hard work lost in one little minute. But just as God used little Mary Jones to start something bigger than she ever dreamed of, so he now used a Burman servant of the Judsons, named Moung Ing. He was a faithful fellow, who had done everything he could for them during all this time,—without pay, too, since they had no money. Yet he never complained, and on the day when the guard carelessly tossed aside the cotton wadding of the pillow, Moung Ing happened to see it beside the empty prison. He knew that it was part of his master's old pillow, and he kept it as a souvenir of the gentle white man, whom he never expected to see again. For had not the King of Burma boasted about going to Aung-Pen-La, to murder the prisoners, gloating over their sufferings?

But England won the war with Burma, whereupon the *King* was imprisoned, and the white prisoners set free. By and by when happy Moung Ing showed

Mr. Judson his pet souvenir, there to his complete surprise was the precious Bible safe and sound. You can imagine how thankful Mr. Judson felt, for of all our Lamp-Lighters he certainly had suffered the most, and had not dared dream of such a good ending!

People admire everything about Adoniram Judson, he was so brave and devoted to his work. Even when in prison he said to a fellow prisoner: "I have been in Burma ten years preaching the Gospel to timid listeners who wished to embrace the truth, but dared not; beseeching the King to grant liberty of conscience to his people, but without success; and now when all human means seemed at an end, God opens the way by leading a Christian nation to subdue the country. It is possible that my life may be spared; if so, with what ardor and gratitude shall I pursue my work! And, if not, His will be done; the door will be opened for others who will do the work better."

He lived in Burma twenty-four years after that; he saw his translated Bible scattered far and wide; and when he died, there were over 7,000 Christians among the brown people of Burma, where there had not been one when he first landed! Because he lighted the lamp of the Bible, he made it easier for our missionaries today to carry his book everywhere.

One of the stories I especially like is about the son of the cruel King who kept Mr. Judson in prison. Forty years later, this son was King of Burma, and he sent for a missionary, named Dr. Marks, to ask him to start Christian schools in Mandalay.

Dr. Marks took with him a copy of Mr. Judson's Burman Bible, beautifully covered with gold by

the British and Foreign Bible Society in London. Wouldn't you like to have seen this magnificent King accepting the gleaming Book with pleased smiles? Then I know you would like to have gone to the school which the King built for Dr. Marks! For the King sent nine of his sons to it—imagine what a commotion it must have caused every morning when nine gorgeous princes, sitting on nine proud elephants, with eighteen gold umbrellas, drew up at the school door, with *four hundred soldiers* for escort!

Mary's Little Lamb could not have "made the scholars laugh and play" nearly as much as nine dressy princes (not to mention those nine elephants and the *eighteen gold umbrellas*!)

But princes and peasants are all exactly alike *inside*, even in Burma. And although thousands upon thousands of brown girls and boys do not arrive at our Christian schools on elephants, protected by soldiers and gold umbrellas, yet they are going to be the ones who will really *rule* Burma some day! Because deep in their hearts will be the words from Mr. Judson's Bible, words that will send them out to be kind to their neighbors and so obedient to God that even the coolies out in the paddy fields and the stooped laborers on the tea plantations will understand what David meant in the Psalms: "The grass withereth and the flower thereof passeth away, but the word of the Lord liveth forever."

## CHAPTER III.

“GROWING BEHIND DARKENED WINDOWS.”

“*For the Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword....a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.*” (HEBREWS IV,12)



## CHAPTER III.

### “GROWING BEHIND DARKENED WINDOWS”

THERE was once a Scotch boy who decided that he wanted something hard to do; and so when he grew up they sent him to China—the very first Chinese Lamp-Lighter.

A sneering shipowner looked him up and down before he sailed, saying: “And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?”

“No, sir; I expect God will,” said Robert Morrison smiling, and all through his long trip from England to China he knew it was going to be hard work. But then, ever since he became a Christian at fifteen, had he not been a Boy-Who-Wanted-Something-Hard-to-Do?

He got it, too!

For, when he landed in Canton, nobody wanted him—the Chinese officials bitterly hated “foreign devils from over the ocean,” and had forbidden the people to teach these foreigners the Chinese language. Yet here he was in this “City of Broad East” which lies at the foot of the White Cloud Hills. Great walls stood all around the city, and its twelve gates (called “Great Peace,” “Eternal Rest,” etc.) were tightly closed at night. The streets had curious names—“Martial Dragon Street,” “New Green Pea Street,” “Old Clothes Street,” “Firecracker Ally,”—and they smelled horribly because of the open sewers and decaying garbage. The quaint houses had red tiled

roofs, which tipped up sharply at the corners to bounce away any naughty evil spirits who came flying along to poke their noses indoors! For you must know that the Chinese believe that the air is full of mischievous evil spirits who love to tease people; indeed, the people wondered what awful *new* evil spirits had tagged along with this "foreign devil from over the ocean," and mothers hid their precious babies when Mr. Morrison appeared!

Finally, to make himself less conspicuous, he dressed in Chinese clothes, even to a nice long, black pigtail like all the other men, and he let his fingernails grow as long as they would to be like a real Chinese scholar; he ate strange Chinese food with Chinese chopsticks, and he slept on a Chinese *brick* bed and even said his prayers in Chinese, so that he might learn this difficult new language more quickly.

Somebody watched him all the time—a Chinese Somebody in a blue gown, who reported to Somebody else every single thing he did all day long. It was hard for him to buy simple things like paper and ink, for nobody dared deal with the "foreign devil"; it was even harder to find any Chinese who would dare teach him the language; it was hard for him to eat the queer food, and to be shadowed day and night; it was hard for him to keep well in his dark, dank room, which was really a cellar. But then, he had known it was going to be hard before he came. Back in England they had told him it would be years before it would be safe to send a missionary to teach and preach, for the Chinese would surely kill such a man; but a *Lamp-Lighter*, silently getting the Bible ready, would be helping for years and years to come.

He began learning the language. And that was hard, too! For there are forty thousand queer-looking characters which must be learned, a different character for each word, which is much harder than learning the twenty-six simple letters of our A B C's and then making words out of the letters. Said the Chinese teacher to Mr. Morrison: "Now listen. When you have '*heart*' to the left and '*blood*' to the right, the character means '*to pity*'; but when you have '*heart*' on one side and '*star*' on the other, it means '*wake up*.' When there is '*hand*' on one side and '*foot*' on the other, it means '*to take hold*.' When '*water*' is on one side and '*stand up*' on the other, the character means '*to cry*'! When '*grass*' is on top and '*name*' is down below, it means '*tea*'—have you got it?"

And so on and so on till poor Mr. Morrison's brain grew dizzy! There were seven different tones or ways of sounding the characters, and one tone might mean a verb and another a noun. Do you wonder that some years later another Chinese Lamp-Lighter, named Dr. Milne, said that to learn Chinese one must have "a chest of oak, nerves of steel, the patience of Job, and the years of Methusaleh!"

Mr. Morrison was clever at it, however, and made a huge dictionary, carefully explaining the different characters for other Englishmen, but this was after his Bible was finished, of course. All the time he kept hoping that, even if he could not preach or teach openly, he might secretly win some of the Chinese people to give up their idols and their dread of evil spirits. He had a quiet little "church" service in his own dark room every Sunday morning, but

nothing happened for seven long years; then one of the men who had helped him in the translation of the Bible was baptized! It was a happy day for Mr. Morrison, you may be sure! He wrote in his diary: "May he be the first-fruits of a great harvest, one of millions who shall come and be saved."

He himself never had many converts, and I wish that during those twelve quiet years when he was secretly stooping over his desk, translating the Bible in a darkened room, he could have known what wonderful adventures it was going to have in China, and what a Lamp-Lighter he was to be to millions of yellow people!

For when the eight volumes of his Chinese Bible were printed, Christians were found who were eager to pack them into wheelbarrows and trundle them off to distant villages in the hills. People read them with such delight and surprise that the disgusted priests and the proud mandarins grew worried, and finally put up huge red placards in various cities. Any time of day or night you could have seen a circle of blue-robed-gentlemen-with-queues excitedly reading this ridiculous placard: "*The books that the foreigner is selling are printed with ink made of stupefying medicine. When anyone reads them for a time, he becomes stupefied and loses his natural reason, and believes and follows the false doctrine. This is to warn the Chinese not to read them. Again, the foreigners use much money to bribe the poorer Chinese who have no means to depend on. They also use the stupefying medicine in all sorts of food, in order to win over the little children. At times they use it for kidnapping children, to sell to other foreigners who then take away*

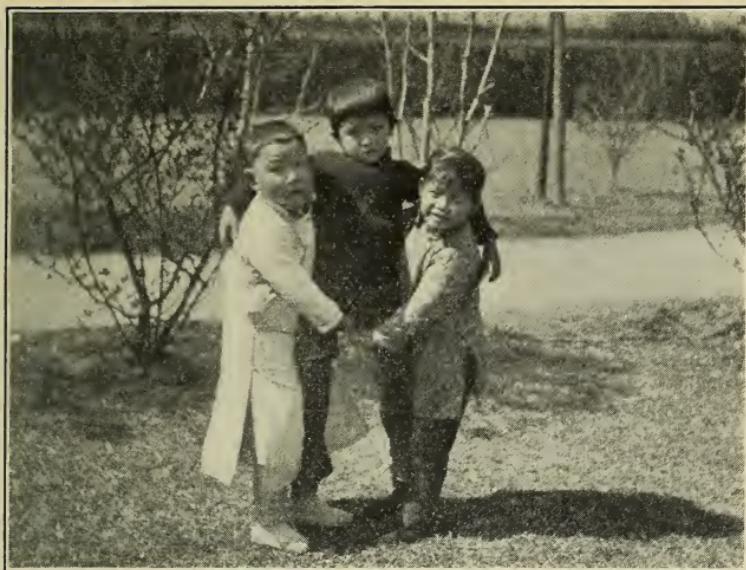
*their marrow. The children die at once. Wherever foreigners come, families ought to warn their children not to go out."*

The excited Chinese gentlemen then began telling one another alarming stories:—they said that queues were cut off in the streets by invisible Christian hands in broad daylight! That paper men were sent up into the air, assumed terrible aspects, and settled on Chinamen who languished and died under the evil Christian spell! That Christian converts were drugged with the eyes of dead Chinamen! These untrue tales were repeated from one end of China to the other, until both foreigners and new converts were looked upon with terror.

Yet the Book quietly went from town to town, and, because the Chinese rarely destroy even a printed page, they tucked the Bibles away on some shelf; and years later, possibly, they were taken down and read with joy. In Pok-lo, not very far from Canton, a copy of the New Testament was given to old Ch'ëä, the guardian of the temple of Confucius. When he read it, he believed every word, he resigned his guardianship of the temple and destroyed the idols his family had worshipped since his great-great-grandfather's time. After he was baptized, he went from village to village, bearing on his shoulders a board covered with wonderful verses from the Bible; people curiously crowded around him, and back in his own town of Pok-lo, one hundred and eighty of the people became Christians. But, when the idol festivals came around, Ch'ëä destroyed several of the public idols, and the townspeople and the priests were so enraged that they tortured him

for three days, trying to make him give up the Lord Jesus; when he refused, they spitefully killed him. But his Bibles kept right on speaking, silently and surely; and Christianity spread.

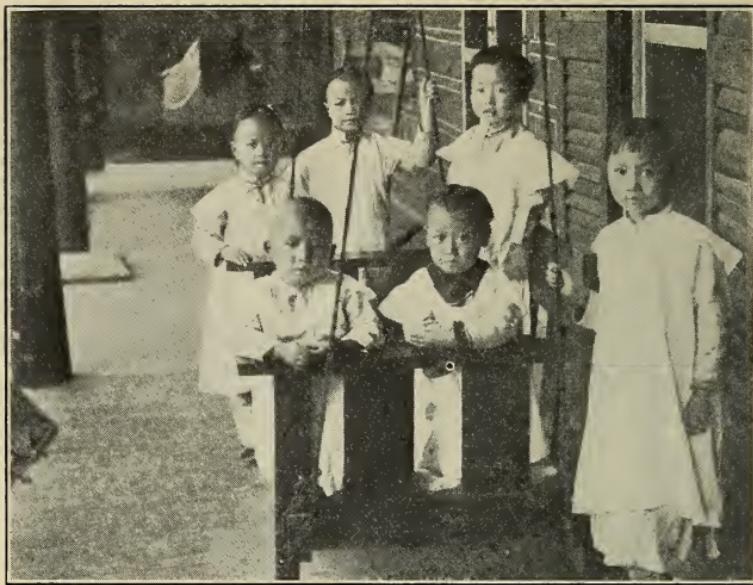
There came a day in the year 1894 when the Christian women in China decided to send a present to the Empress Dowager on her sixtieth birthday. You may think of her as a grim, old soul like the Queen of Hearts in *Alice in Wonderland*, who thought nothing of shouting "Off with his head!" (For the Empress Dowager had once had to kill seven princes who were just as anxious to rule China as she was!) But on her birthday all her subjects sent marvelous presents, among which was a big pine box. You must imagine the court ladies standing around in their gold-embroidered silk jackets, craning their necks to see what was coming out next! Inside the pine box was a beautifully carved teakwood box—oh, how the ladies clucked with suspense! And inside the teakwood box was a red plush box, for red is the sign of happiness, and everyone nodded her sleek black head! Next came a glimmering silver box, and inside that lay a Book, which weighed four and a half pounds, and had satin paper leaves, bordered with a gold design, with silver covers exquisitely chased in a design of birds (meaning "messengers") and bamboo ("peace"). Nobody knows to this day whether the Empress ever read a single word of her birthday Bible, but in the palace lived the young Emperor, who wanted one for himself and so he sent a servant dashing over to a Mr. Missionary in Pekin to buy a copy. This turned out to be just an ordinary Bible, but he was so interested that he sent back



"Now that we've got him what *are* you going to do with him?" they seem to be asking us a little anxiously.

The small boy in white is dreadfully in earnest about it, for he knows there isn't one extra inch of room in our Chinese mission where a new boy could be tucked away to sleep or to study. But the little girl in the flowered jacket just smiles and smiles at us. She has sunny little pictures in her mind's eye of the new school you and I will want to build very, very soon.

And meanwhile, *he* must wait and wait until we get ready for him. No wonder he looks on the point of tears. Waiting is such tiresome business!



*"Six of one and half a dozen of the other!"* For sometimes all six of them as just as good as can be, and sometimes half a dozen of them are really exceedingly naughty!

Yet every new day they learn more and more Bible stories about the Friend of Little Children, until already there is a big wish growing in their hearts to be Lamp-Lighters themselves some day.

to Mr. Missionary's for other Christian books and American school books, too, — which were full of many sensible facts about the air and the earth, as you yourself know! He couldn't help learning that the air is *not* full of evil spirits, and that the earth does *not* rest on the back of a huge dragon, after all! He decided it was perfectly safe to dig mines to get coal and silver; indeed, there began to be changes from that very day—pleasant changes for our missionaries, who saw railroads and telegraph poles and other foreign improvements coming into China for the first time!

The petrified Chinamen in the coast cities finally grew quite used to traveling on the "fire-wheel cart" (train) and in the "fire-wheel boat" (steamer); they enjoyed listening to the funny "talk-box" (phonograph) that said things like a sure-enough person! Clothes could be sewed up in a jiffy on the foreigner's noisy "iron tailor" (sewing machine) and, if you were brave enough to stare calmly into a queer little black box with a tiny window in front (camera), you could actually hold a likeness of yourself in your hand next day. It was amazing what these "foreign devils" could invent! Mr. Missionary was a regular *drummer*, for wherever he went he left behind him a crowd of yellow people clamoring for a watch and a jack-knife and a kerosene lamp *just like his!* But they wanted his little black Book just as badly; after all, it was a pleasant doctrine.

The Men-Who-Sell-Bibles (we call them *Colporteurs*) carried their books far and wide, and people read the stories and begged for teachers to explain the hard places to them. Schools sprang up, and

*even girls* learned how to read and write! GIRLS? Almost any Chinese father would have said it was simply impossible; “maybe my *cow* could learn, or the *hen*,—but surely not my good-for-nothing stupid female child!” But of course she *could*, and she did; so that daughters began to be a-l-m-o-s-t as good as sons!

Then came the Boxers! In case you have never heard of them, let me explain that they were terrible men, who were so furious at all foreigners, and at Chinese Christians especially, that they decided to stamp them out of China entirely. They tried to frighten the Chinese Christians into giving up their new religion by going to house after house, summoning everybody out doors.

“We will save your lives,” shouted the Boxer captain, “if you will stamp your feet on this cross,” and he would trace a cross in the dust of the street with the end of his sword.

There they stood:—grannie and grandpa, father, mother, aunts, uncles, and children, all in their blue gowns, with prim queues down their backs. It would have been so easy to walk on the cross, you know! Just one little step, and they would have been safe! But Grandpa shook his trembly, old head—oh, no, he couldn’t do *that*! And Grannie said, no, neither could she. Mother and father shook their heads, too, and even the children said, “Oh, no, not we!” and the very babies wagged their cute heads around, copying mother! Yet they all knew what was coming, for the Boxers had already been next door, maybe, and killed their Christian neighbors who had also said “no!”

Ten thousand Chinese Christians were killed for being brave, and refusing to tread on the cross of the dear Saviour, who meant so much to them. Almost two hundred missionaries were killed, also; and over here in America people were saying: "Well, this is the end of mission work in China! Nobody will ever dare become a Christian now, or buy a Bible, or read it!"

But it was just the other way around! For there were hundreds of Chinese families who rushed to the hills to escape the Boxers, yet they took time to hide their precious Bibles, and there must have been many a mother who said: "Heavenly Son, behold, I will hide the good Book here under this rock; do thou remember where it is, for I fear me we shall never see our dear, white teachers again." And, as they hid in caves, or were tortured in prison, they whispered to one another comforting words from Robert Morrison's Bible: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Later on, when it was safe to return home, they found their Bibles safely hidden in the rocks and cellars, and Christianity was more popular than before, for heathen neighbors were curious about the "foreigner's Book" which made men and women fearless, and kept even little children from blubbering when Soldiers-with-Swords stood ready to hurt them. There was one province, Shantung, where colporteurs had sold 10,800 Bibles in 1900, before the Boxer uprising; but in the next year, 1901, they sold 32,000 copies; in 1902—81,000 copies; while in 1903 the number grew to 88,685 copies. It has kept on growing, too.

The Bible can't help being a Best Seller, because when God made His family He tucked inside each of us a big hunger for some Big Somebody to love us. The yellow people know all about that hungry longing,—yet their stone idols are such chilly, unblinking images that children are always frightened; and poor old grannies, afraid to die, shudder while they worship! But it is on the pages of the Lamp-Lighter's Bible that grannie reads of the beautiful mansions the Lord Jesus is preparing for her in His heaven; and little Eight-Years-Old slowly spells out the *good news* of a God who is a Friend of Little Children, opening His gentle arms to bless them all.

The best part about it is that without learning a single word of Chinese, or translating one littlest minute behind a darkened window, you and I can be Lamp-Lighters in China. For think of it, my dears,—one crinkly dollar bill will buy fifty copies of the Gospels, to be given to grannie and little Eight-Years-Old and all their neighbors as a present from you and me!

It would be fun to write more about China and pretend to trundle you in a "Bible wheelbarrow," to see for yourself what kind of superstitious villages the colporteurs visit. But instead of *trundling*, we must let our minds sail south on a short trip to the LAND OF THE CLOSED Book, where our cousins, the Filipinos, live! Cousins—because our Uncle Sam is now their uncle, too.

You will see the Philippine Islands lying in the Pacific Ocean south of China, and I think you will be startled to hear that, although our cousins there have worshipped the Lord Jesus for over 400 years, yet

they never have had *Bibles* until lately. You see, it was a *forbidden Book*, just as it had been up in heathen China, only here it was the Catholic priests themselves who refused to let the people read it. They did not seem to care that this made them almost as superstitious as Chinese idolators.

Just to show you how the priests behaved, here is a story about Señor Paulino Zamora, who had a Spanish Bible about forty years ago, but he did not *dare* to keep it in his home in Manila, and so he moved far away to study it quietly. But somehow the priests and the Spanish authorities (who ruled the Philippines) heard that he was reading the Bible to his neighbors, and so he was put in prison and the forbidden Book snatched away. Finally he was banished to an island in the Mediterranean Sea!

But one fine day the Spanish no longer ruled the Philippines, for American warships had arrived to free the oppressed people. That was when we all got to be "cousins"! Uncle Sam has been looking after the people ever since then, and we have been sending over missionaries and Lamp-Lighters; for almost every island, and even *parts* of islands, speak a different language.

The Filipinos live in little villages, called *barrios*, and it was not long before colporteurs took the Bibles which the Lamp-Lighters had translated, and slung them in bags over their backs, so that they could bicycle up into the hills to distant *barrios*; or stowed them in canoes, and paddled down rivers aswarm with alligators; or packed them in big two-wheeled wagons drawn by awkward *carabaoes*. There was a real hunger among the people for the true stories

about this Lord Jesus whom they had worshipped ignorantly so many years. Like an old woman, named Narcissa, who had been praying for over two years that someone might come to teach the Bible. You may be sure she welcomed the missionaries as "angels of God!" The humble little service held in her house has grown and grown, until by this time there is a strong church in that town.

You would have delightful cold shivers, if I could tell you in detail about a certain "Hold Up" story! For once there was a missionary traveling alone through a tropical forest, when some very gruesome bandits jumped out on him and forced him to come with them to their wild camp deep in the thickets. I suppose Mr. Missionary expected to be stripped of his watch and his money and his clothes, *at the very least*, but when he reached their camp, the outlaws tossed aside their weapons and said pleasantly that if Señor pleased they would now like to have the Bible explained to them! They had stolen a peasant's basket of vegetables one day, and in it were some torn pages from a Bible. They had read them with surprise, seeing plainly that it said you must love your enemies, which they never had done! They had sent several times for a teacher, but always in vain; and so now they had just kidnapped one.

How that beaming missionary must have explained and explained and explained; for in the Philippines, as in China, "the word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword....a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

## CHAPTER IV.

“THE BOOK FISHED OUT OF THE WATER”

“*The entrance of thy word giveth light,  
it giveth understanding unto the simple.*”  
(PSALM CXIX, 130.)



## CHAPTER IV.

### “THE BOOK FISHED OUT OF THE WATER”

It was no fun at all for the Three-Men-in-a-Tub!

Fierce winds blew the waves up into giant mountains of water, and their poor little tub bounced around trying to sail every which way at once! Buckets of water dashed over the deck, washing away the mast and soaking the Three Men to the skin. They had no idea where they were on this big, trackless Pacific Ocean, so “Lucky Rock,” who was the oldest (he was twenty-eight) drew his flapping kimono about him, as he said to “Lasting Happiness” (who was fifteen) that no doubt the gods were very angry at them all, and, as for him, he “threw away the spoon” and was ready to go to his departed ancestors!

But “Happy Sound” (fourteen) wanted to *live* and he tried to make a new mast and bale out the water, but even when the big gale swirled off somewhere else their silly little tub just bobbed around in the ocean day after day, drifting wherever the wind blew it. It drifted for fourteen months, while the Three Men grew hungrier and hungrier, for their food and water gave out; and I suppose they thought to themselves that if only the Emperor of Japan had not made a rule that all Japanese boats must be small unseaworthy junks, then they need not have had this horrible adventure. The truth of the matter was that the Emperor simply hated foreigners, and he wanted his subjects to stay in Japan, and so he

forebade them to make ships fit to sail on the rough seas—just little junks that had to hug the shores. He made it death for a foreigner to enter his closed realm, and death for a native to leave.

But little did the Emperor dream that God was planning to use those Three-Men-in-a-Tub as Lamp-Lighters! They did not dream about it either, poor fellows! They only knew that the junk dashed to pieces on the rocks of Oregon one day (here in our own America—just see how far they had drifted!) and that a tribe of Red Indians swooped down on the wreck with hideous war whoops, making the Three Men prisoners. But the Hudson Bay Company rescued them and started them back home,—but they reached *China* instead of Japan! And a Lamp-Lighter named Mr. Gützlaff took good care of them, knowing God was giving him this splendid chance to learn the Japanese language, which no foreigner dared to enter Japan to learn.

After two years, he took the sailors over to Japan, but the forts at Yeddo opened fire on his ship, and the Government utterly refused to have the Three Men back again, because they considered them Traitors-Who-Had-Run-Away-from-Home-&against Rules! But the nice part about it was that over in China Mr. Gützlaff had the Gospel of Matthew and the Book of Genesis translated, all ready for the day that would surely come when Japan would be open to everybody.

Then things began to happen!

For sixteen years later, in 1853, on the eighth day of July, there was a booming of guns, and four of our own big warships sailed into Yeddo Harbor (now

Tokyo) bearing a treaty of friendship and commerce from the President of the United States. What could even a poor Emperor do then? The treaty was signed, and before long other nations claimed the right to enter Japan, too.

But you could still see this edict printed on placards wherever foreigners were permitted to land:—  
*“So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian’s God, or the great God of All, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head!”*

Which just shows you how brave and plucky our Lamp-Lighters were, for already they were planning to live there and translate the Bible.

But before the missionaries themselves started work, God sent a small inconspicuous *silent* Lamp-Lighter into Japan in the most curious fashion, in spite of all prohibitions! For a certain Dutch sailor leaned against the deck railing of a certain Dutch ship, and as it was night he never knew that something square and black fell out of his pocket and splashed into the inky waters below.

The next morning as this “something” was bobbing around on the crinkly blue waves a fisherman caught it in his net, and because it was neither a *fish* nor anything Japanese, he scratched his nice old black head and carried it to Wakasa Murata, Commander of the Japanese troops guarding that port.

Wakasa knew that it was a book, of course, and when it got dry he looked at it curiously, and began to hunt for somebody who could tell him what the Dutch words were about! He found that over in

China he could buy a copy of the Book in a language he could read, so he sent to Shanghai, and, when the new book reached him, he and his brother Ayabe and a relative named Molino grew perfectly fascinated by the words of eternal life which satisfied the big hunger they had always felt for a God who was everything. Once more three Japanese men did something to start Christianity in Japan, for, after two years of reading and studying, they were baptized by Dr. Guido Verbeck—the first Japanese converts. They were important men in the eyes of the other Japanese people, because they were *noble-men*, and it was not long before other young men wanted to know about the new religion which the three nobles admired so deeply. Dr. Verbeck started the Imperial University of Tokyo for these young men, and he translated the Bible into Japanese for them—yet it all began with that silent little Lamp-Lighter which was fished out of the water and which lighted so many Japanese feet along the road to Christ.

And now I want to tell you about another Japanese boy named Osaki Neesima. His story begins some years before the Bible was fished out of the water when Neesima was only a boy. First of all, let me tell you what a quaint lovely land Japan is, full of dear little thatched-roofed houses, some with a cunning garden and a tiny lake, over which gnarled old cherry trees crook themselves, exactly as if they wanted to see their charming reflections in the smooth water! Sometimes the garden is not much bigger than a *pocket handkerchief*: but the Japanese know just how to make it look very pretty with prim little

flat stepping-stones from the verandah to the lake, and wistaria tumbling all over itself to decorate the house. Indoors, there are walls made of heavy paper screens and floors of soft matting; very dainty and restful,—yet *something* is wrong!

It all comes from a certain shelf where the household idols sit in a solemn unblinking row. Neesima had had his doubts about those idols for years, for when they were knocked over on their honorable noses they never picked themselves up—they had to wait for the little maid-servant to do it! That stupid little maid-servant in a blue kimono. Neesima wondered how they could be really *important*, when they were so helpless. Yet their names were high-sounding: there was the God of Long Life, the God of Wealth, the Goddess of Mercy with her thousand hands, there was the children's special god around whose neck Neesima's mother hung a little bib when he (Neesima) was sick—for she thought it was the only way to please the god and persuade it to send good health back to her little boy. There were many other idols, to whom you offered a little bowl of rice every morning, so that they might protect you all day. But Neesima had his doubts! One day he snatched one of them off the god-shelf, tiptoed out into the quaint little garden, dug a hole and buried the little brass idol deep down in the earth.

"Honorable god," he whispered, "if you can come out of the hole by yourself then I will serve you, but if you can't help yourself, how can you ever help me?"

Then he waited. And waited. And waited. One morning he saw a tiny green spear of something-or-

other poking itself out of the brown earth! You can imagine how excitedly he knelt down, gently moving the earth to one side until he dug down to the idol. There lay the foolish little bronze thing, exactly as it had been before, but on the palm of its hand a little kernel of rice had lodged, left over from an offering several days before. God's sun and rain had made that little seed split open its shiny white coat so it could grow up and up toward the light. And Neesima saw with his own eyes that a mere *seed* had more power to help itself than the bronze idol before which his whole family knelt, politely bumping their glossy black heads on the floor!

He never forgot that experience, and grew up wondering and wondering about things. Years later his family sent him to college at Yeddo, and when he was eighteen he came across a geography primer, written by an American missionary, which began with the marvelous words: "*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.*" Over and over he read the words that are so familiar to you and me; but to him they were brand new, and answered all his dreams and questionings about the round ocean, and the little seeds, and the great blue sky. He knew that among the mountains of Japan there were many lovely shrines where religious people went to worship the spirits, supposed to live in the mountain crags; but no one had ever found the God-who-made-Heaven-and-Earth. From the minute Neesima read the wonderful words, he decided that *he* would find Him!

He thought that he might better live in America, since it was an American who wrote the primer, and he began asking questions; how far it was to America

and how you got there! But Japan was still a closed realm, as I told you before, and the Emperor would have any Japanese, who tried to leave it, killed. But Neesima was so hungry to find the God-who-made-Heaven-and-Earth that he was ready to risk even his life; after the custom of his people, he wrote down the prayer which was in his heart: "O Thou unknown God, if Thou hast eyes, look upon me; if Thou hast ears, hear me, and lead me to Thyself."

Think of it! His first prayer to our God, who *does* see and hear, and who *did* answer his prayer; for, in 1864, he persuaded a sea captain to help him escape to China. From China he worked his passage to Boston, where he had a very hard time for ten weeks. Then the owner of the vessel, Honorable Alpheus Hardy, heard of his adventures and sent for him, and because he was a man who loved God, he could answer Neesima's questions, giving him the Book of God, which began just like Neesima's primer: "In the beginning—God." Mr. Hardy was so interested in the pluck of this boy who simply had to find God, that he adopted him as his own son, and paid his tuition at Amherst College and at Andover Theological Seminary.

You can imagine how Neesima's heart burned to go back home and stop all Japanese families from kneeling and bumping their polite foreheads before rows of prim wooden idols. And from chewing up silly little paper prayers into spitballs to throw at the idols;—if the wad of paper stuck to the idol, they thought the prayer would be answered. The day before Neesima sailed back to Japan there was a big good-bye meeting;—he stood on the platform pour-

ing out his heart to the crowds of Americans who were so interested in him: "Upon this platform I stand until you give me the money to erect a college in which I may teach my poor fellow-countrymen of God,—the God of Love, the Living God, for whom their souls are crying out!"

The big room was so quiet that you could have heard a pin drop! Then, while Neesima still waited, a man arose and promised \$1,000, others began giving, too; so Neesima went back to Japan, which had been opened to foreigners by this time, and started the famous Christian University at Kyoto, called the "Doshisha."

See what queer things God used as Lamp-Lighters in Japan: Three-Men-in-a-Tub, a Book fished out of the water, and a geography primer! There were other quiet little happenings all over Japan, too, but I can only take time to tell you about "Shot-from-a-Train" and the "Pleasant Pirate."

You must picture a Japanese train running merrily along its two steel rails in the pretty province of Shizuoka. A Japanese soldier in the train had a little "Soldier's St. John" in his kit, which he did not want, and he tossed it out of the train window. Nobody knows to this day whether he *aimed* it into the open window of that little thatched house in the village of Suzukawa, or whether it just *happened* to land inside on the neat matting floor!

Needless to say, there was a delightful commotion in the polite little family. When "father" came home from work, they lighted a big red Japanese lantern and they all sat on the floor around him while he read the wonderful stories St. John tells: about



BEHOLD four of our littles Japanese missionaries, although they don't even dream they are anything as important as that; but they are! For their Buddhist mothers and fathers had their minds all made up *against* Christianity. But these cunning little mites went to our mission Kindergarten where they learned the prettiest "Jesus songs" and heard such beautiful "Jesus stories" that when they went home they babbled happily about it all day long. Day in and day out, you know! Until their fathers and mothers unconsciously hummed the little Jesus tunes while they worked, and remembered the wonderful stories of Jesus again and again. Exactly as the Bible says: "*And a little child shall lead them.*"



SHE has tucked her knees under her in the correct Japanese fashion and has already spent hours arranging these three chrysanthemums. This way and that way she has tried them, with her pretty head first on one side and then on the other, while her Japanese teacher sits by guiding her to make a graceful arrangement. For that is one of the things every well-bred Japanese girl is taught to do—to place a few flowers (oh, a very, *very* few) in a vase in the most artistic fashion. They think our bouquets with dozens of flowers are very poor taste, indeed!

the Wedding at Cana, about the Woman at the Well, about the Wonderful Doctor who Healed the Sick, about the Good Shepherd, and the Heavenly Mansions with Room for Everybody!! It was past belief—all this good news! But they couldn't help believing it; even the little children who looked like frolicsome butterflies in their floppy kimonos; they believed it, too. And you may be sure that other families in that little village of Suzukawa noticed the difference in their Christian neighbors and asked questions galore until, they, too, knew the beautiful stories and took the Lord Jesus into their hearts. Thus what a soldier shot from the train became a Lamp-Lighter to a whole village.

And now for the Pirate Gentleman.

He was not pleasant *at first*, of course. He gambled and stole and lied and drank and liked to fight! Captain Bickel used to say of him that "his crooked eyes looked straight in the directions of the eight points of the compass *all at once!*" His name was Hirata San, and he was coxswain of the crew of the gospel ship "Fukuin Maru," which Captain Bickel sailed all up and down the Inland Sea, so that he could go from island to island telling lonely villages about God. Hirata San had heard all these stories many times, of course—then suddenly he began believing them himself. But the provoking part of it was that nobody could believe that he believed! "What? that fellow a Christian?" they laughed. Even Captain Bickel could not believe it. But Hirata San *knew*. He knew how different he felt inside, and how, instead of wanting to gamble and steal and quarrel, he now liked best of all to spend his

spare moments spelling out the Bible verses. His speech grew gentle, his roughness disappeared, and gradually people saw the change, as if fairies had waved a wand over him changing him into someone lovely. But the fairy was only a plain little black *Book*,—the kind the Captain gave to everybody in the four hundred towns on the ship's visiting list. To the people in those towns Hirata San became a Lamp-Lighter, for they could read in him, as if he were a *Living* Bible, the kind of change God makes in even the worst of men.

Colporteurs and Bible women and missionaries are giving copies of the Bible to crowds of Japanese folk this very minute—to people idly wandering up and down city streets, to jingling pilgrims climbing Fujiyama to worship the spirit of the mountain god and gain peace. Up they climb wearing queer round bamboo hats, in white kimonos with a picture of Fujiyama stamped on the back, and a belt of tinkling bells around their waists. At the summit will be someone with Bibles; they politely accept their copies, tuck them into their big sleeves, and nobody ever knows just what happens afterwards, of course. But if God can use floating Bibles and Primers and Pirates and Books shot from a train, then I am sure He is still blessing these little Lamp-Lighters who are silently being missionaries for Him today!

Japan has been a sort of disagreeable step-mother to a little country called Korea; on the map you can see how it dangles enticingly between Japan and China exactly like a bone between two hungry dogs. No wonder both Japan and China wanted it!

For hundreds of years Korea was just as much of

a Hermit nation as Japan, hostile to all foreigners. Under the great bell in the city of Seoul was a stone on which were carved words ordering Koreans to kill all intruding foreigners, and Christians were promptly clapped into prison and tortured! To distribute Christian books meant losing one's head so I think you will see how mighty a victory the Bible has had when I tell you about Korea today.

For the Christians there are different from Christians in any other land! Before they join the church they believe that they should tell their good news to their neighbors and friends, which has made Christianity spread so rapidly that they say there's one new Korean convert *every minute!* Every Christian carries his Bible with him all the time, so that he can learn it by heart and have it handy to read to his friends. It would never do to have to run home and fetch it! Besides, he *loves* the little black Book, and Korean tailors were finally obliged to put an unheard-of thing into men's clothes, a *pocket*. "Bible pockets" they are called, because only Christians need them.

I wish I could show you a Korean gentleman in his glistening white clothes and his funny little horse-hair hat that sets up on top of his head in such an airy way! It would blow away, only he ties it under his chin very primly. He is very dignified and solemn, and you wonder how he can be quite so white until you learn about Mrs. Yabu (which really means "*Look Here,*" the only name Korean wives seem to have). Every morning she lugs yesterday's suits down to the river bank, where she kneels and splashes away at a great rate. Then she brings everything

home and paddles the suits with a sort of baseball bat, her only iron! And lo! and behold, her shiny white husband can again sally forth clean and fresh.

Christianity has done the NICEST thing for all the poor little Look Here ladies—it has given them decent names, for one thing; and it has taught them how to read, and shown their husbands that a “Look Here” is quite as good as a man in the sight of the Lord Jesus, who spent so many hours talking kindly to women: Mary and Martha, you know, and the woman at the well, and Jairus’ little daughter, and many others. Their fear of evil spirits is gone, too—indeed, Korean Christians seem to be the happiest and best in the whole, wide world.

Curiously enough, they had an alphabet all ready for the Bible; they never used it much themselves because Korean scholars thought it was too simple,—even an ignorant old woman could learn it in a few weeks. Scholars preferred the difficult Chinese picture-writing, and called their own the “*Un-mun*” or “dirty language.” But you and I know how God must have been loving that “dirty language” for over four hundred years,—He saw just what was going to happen when His Korean Lamp-Lighters came along and found this homely everyday speech ready to use, so that everybody could read for themselves the beautiful life of the Lord Jesus.

Everybody *did* read it, too, which is one reason why there is such a passion for the Bible all over Korea. People drop their tools and their farm utensils and their pots and kettles and flock to Bible schools, to spend months at a time learning anew exactly what the Good Book says. They have stopped calling

that language *Un-mun* (dirty); it is now *Kuk-mun* or *national* script, all on account of Bible popularity, for if you say "Show your Bibles!" out they fly from Bible pockets.

Of course, everybody has not heard the Good News yet. All over Korea you can see tall painted devil-posts with gaudy grinning heads outside the villages to scare away evil spirits. The dreadful old "mutang" (witch) is often summoned to bring her drum and her cymbals to conjure away sprites that have ducked inside the well or made the baby sick. On New Year's eve heathen Koreans still make a straw man and throw him outdoors with a piece of money inside, for a beggar is sure to steal the straw dummy and this is a fine way to lose last year's sins and start anew! Or maybe some dark night you may find a man in his courtyard flying a kite, on which he has written his sins: bad temper, laziness, and the rest. When the kite is away up in the clouds, he cuts the string, and goes indoors to bed, hoping he has lost those sins forever! He is never *quite* sure, of course—and so he tries new ways.

But with every Christian busy telling his neighbors about the Lord Jesus, who alone can forgive sins, and with a Bible in every Christian man's pocket or tucked in every Christian woman's belt, it really seems as if Korea is a land so full of Lamp-Lighters that it will not be long now before "the entrance of Thy Word will give light unto the simple."



## CHAPTER V.

“ANSWERING THE GIANT QUESTION MARK”

“*The people that sit in darkness  
have seen a great light.*”



## CHAPTER V.

### “ANSWERING THE GIANT QUESTION MARK”

THE blackest little girl you ever saw skipped out from her little round house,—a little hut like a beehive, with its roof thatched with palm leaves from which the rain could drip—drip—drip! Just as she capered down the path to the peanut patch, a saucy little bird up in a palm tree cocked his head on one side and chirped at her in the most inquisitive fashion, just as if he were asking: “Now where in the world are you going, you very black little black girl?”

Personally I love to have tiny birds friendly with me in that way—as if they had picked me out from everybody else in town as the safest person to chatter to!

But she! Oh, but that little black girl was scared: she rolled her very black eyes until only the whites showed, and she shuddered all the way down to her ten black toes,—which is really quite hard to do when you live in Africa on top of the *Equator*! She dashed back into the beehive hut, and presently came out again all dressed up in the funniest-looking necklaces! One was of plaited grass with a chicken bone dangling at the end; the other was a string with a lion’s tooth tied on it; she had a hair bracelet with some feathers in it. Her mother got these things from the witch doctor for her, because you must know that black mothers believe that chirping birds are trying to cast evil spirits into people; palm leaves

that rustle in the breeze are full of evil spirits, too; so are motes that dance in the sunbeams or moonlight that flickers in the well. The wise (?) village witch-doctor is kept busy making little "charms" (fetishes, they are called) to keep people safe. Yet you never can tell; it's all very risky, for perhaps the evil spirits won't like the charms, after all. And so the black people are always scared and uncertain.

When I open my geography at the map of Africa, I am always surprised all over again to see that it looks exactly like a great big question mark. Perhaps you can guess now what Africa's question really is, "Oh, how, *how* can we be safe from evil spirits???" And when I squint a little closer at the map, I can see just as plain as day that Africa looks exactly like some giant ear, too—listening—listening—waiting—waiting—for the answer to its own question mark!

It is going to mean a lot to the little black girl and her family when Mr. Robert Moffat comes to town! Yet long before he even got to Africa, sneering people on the boat from England said: "Just you wait till Chief Africaner gets you! He'll set you up for a target for his boys to shoot at, and he'll make a *drum* of your skin, and a *drinking cup* of your skull."

But Lamp-Lighters have to be brave, and luckily this very savage chief was very cordial to Mr. Moffat, welcoming him to his Kraal. Such a commotion! For he ordered some of his wives to build a beehive hut for the White Stranger; in *half an hour* it was made, and Mr. Moffat moved in. So did all the curious village dogs, and the curious village children, and a chicken or two to peck in the dust, and a crowd of grannies and grandpas! It must have been rather

unpleasant for Mr. Moffat, but long before he had known that it would often be uncomfortable to be an African Lamp-Lighter; he overlooked the curious crowd and started right in to learn the language, so that he could translate the Bible at once. He had the hardest time to find the right words, however, for he dared not use many of their expressions for sacred things, since they were too full of their own old ideas about idols and fear of evil spirits. Then, too, they lived on plantains and peanuts; what did they understand about "sowing and reaping" or "vineyards" or "cornfields," or half the other things the Bible mentions? Also they had the most roundabout way of counting;—imagine saying "eight" like this: "Goshume go choa go hera menuana me beri," which means: "Ten except the hindering (or held down) two fingers." He had to invent his own words for numbers.

Even when his Bible was done, it was years and years before any of those ignorant, scared black folk accepted the new religion,—just as it had been with Carey and Judson and Morrison, too, you remember? Mr. Moffat lived a very lonely life, journeying around among the different villages. Once he walked right up to a lion, thinking it was part of a rock, and barely escaped with his life. Another time, looking up, he saw a tiger cat ready to spring at him. Stepping hastily back, he trod on a *cobra*, which instantly wrapped itself round him tightly! He had presence of mind to raise his gun, and just as the venomous reptile was about to strike its fangs into him he shot it over his shoulder, and it fell dead. You can plainly see that it needed a cool head, a quick eye and hand,

and a very bold heart to be a pioneer missionary in those savage parts.

Once when Robert Moffat went back to England, he said in an address: "*I have often stood at sunset time on a certain hill near my home and seen the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary of Christ has ever been.*" As he said those words, a young man in the audience began picturing *himself* visiting those thousand heathen villages, so full of scared black people wearing foolish "charms," and he said, "*I'm going!*"

He did, too. His name was David Livingstone, a wonderful Lamp-Lighter, about whom I am sure you have heard many thrilling stories, for his brave motto was, "*Anywhere—so it be forward.*"

After the black people were taught to read, they learned parts of the Bible by heart, as they dug in their tiny gardens or fished in their hollowed-out tree-trunk canoes. Their lives grew gentler and their fears grew less. It seems to me as if the Bible were written especially for scared black people! Psalm cxxi, for instance: "*The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night....The Lord shall preserve thy GOING OUT and thy COMING IN from this time forth, even forevermore.*"

The savages who could not read watched their black Christian neighbors with surprise, and when they saw nicer homes (very clean!) and really-truly clothes, they shook their poor puzzled heads, saying, "*It is strange medicine on those leaves!*" They even liked to *smell* the Book, and thought the leather binding in damp weather was simply delightful! Some of them were afraid to open the covers of the Bible for

fear some of the “magic medicine” might blow off the leaves. Mr. Moffat’s favorite story was about meeting an elderly chief who looked very downcast.

“I said to my friend, ‘What is the matter? Who is dead?’ ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘no one is dead, but my dog has eaten a leaf of the Bible.’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘perhaps I can replace it for you.’ ‘It isn’t that so much,’ said the man sadly, ‘but my dog will never be any good—he will never bite anybody now, he will never catch any jackals, he will be as tame as I see the people become who believe in that Book. All our warriors become gentle as women, so alas! *my dog is done for!*’ ” This just shows you what a black savage had seen Mr. Moffat’s Bible do to other black savages.

Perhaps you already know that there are six hundred languages and dialects spoken in Africa, so that other Lamp-Lighters besides Mr. Moffat had to learn these other languages, in order that every tribe might have its own Bible. The Hottentot language was a very hard one to learn, for it is “four queer smack-ing sounds”;— you can imagine how hard it was to reduce *clicks, grunts, squeaks* and *hiccoughs* to writing! Among the savages who filed their teeth, like the Okamba tribe of East Africa, their Lamp-Lighter found that pronunciation differed according to the fashion of the *dentist!* Another Lamp-Lighter on the Nile delta had to teach the black people a name for maiden and sister, since women and girls were so unimportant that they were only called “things,” and were bought or sold for so many brass rods or so many beads. There were difficulties down on the Gold Coast, too, but every difficulty *paid*. For when Matthew and John had been translated into the

“Ga” language, for instance, the little negro scholars studied in school all the morning; then they scampered down to the seashore and wrote the Ga alphabet in the sand, to teach their mothers and fathers who could not read. I have heard of one missionary who had only one Bible, but half his pupils learned to read it right side up, and the other half learned it *upside down!* Why not, if you begin that way? I think it was Dr. Pilkington who had this experience; he did valiant work as Lamp-Lighter. So did Mr. Alexander Mackay, whom people call “The White Man of Uganda.” He was not only a Lamp-Lighter, translating the Bible into the Uganda speech at night, but he filled his days with doctoring the sick, teaching black boys to weave and build and print. He lived in a time of terror, for King Mwanga hated Christians so bitterly that he killed them right and left, burned their homes and banished the missionaries, keeping Mr. Mackay as a hostage. Another brave Lamp-Lighter, Bishop Hannington, was cruelly killed by this king. But nothing—*nothing*—could make the black people give up the wonderful new “Words” which brought them peace and safety and joy.

Nothing could stop the Men-Who-Sell-Bibles, either; neither weather nor danger nor savage people.

How would you like to be the colporteur who went to the town of Obomey, meaning “City of Skulls”? Inside its ramparts the hideous, grinning skulls of their human enemies were everywhere: over their doorways, on their standards and walking-sticks. The king’s footstool was a skull, and from

the girdles of the women hung little polished skulls for drinking cups. It seems to me that men brave enough to venture *there*, are living answers to the hymn we sing in church:

“The Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain:  
His blood-red banner streams afar;  
Who follows in His train?”

I think *they* do, don’t you? Those Men-Who-Sell-Books? And yet, they are only following in the footprints of the Lamp-Lighters who bravely went first to learn the language and get the Book ready.

One of my pet stories is about a Lamp-Lighter on the Congo River,—named Mr. Henry Richards. For ten years he had been teaching his wicked people the Ten Commandments, and they nodded their black heads agreeing that it was all very wise, and, yes, indeed, they believed it; BUT—they kept on being just as bad as ever!

Then it dawned on Mr. Richards that “don’t”s were the *cold* part of the Bible, and he would try the “*love*” parts on them, those warm stories about Jesus. Every day he translated a few verses from Luke’s gospel, and the people listened eagerly. This was all very well until he came to the sixth chapter and the thirtieth verse: “*Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again.*”

Poor Mr. Richards! He did not see how he *dared* to translate those words, for the black people kept stealing his things all the time; they were so envious of anyone who owned strange umbrellas that shut up like a stick when it was dry, and opened up like

a palm tree when it rained! For themselves, they just tore off huge banana leaves to balance on their woolly heads,—but a real umbrella? Such style! Of course they wanted it. And his amusing tick-tock clock that told you the time of day even when clouds hid the sun, they wanted that, too. They wanted other things, also, and Mr. Richards felt that God would understand why he skipped translating that verse,—for surely a missionary needed proper equipment.

But you know how it is: there's a funny little Something-Inside-Us-that-Talks-Back-at-Us, we call it *conscience*, and it began to *talk back* at Mr. Richards: had he any business to skip over any of God's words to men? Wasn't the Lord Jesus often very uncomfortable, too, when He was here among men?

And so Mr. Richards finally translated the verse, and sure enough, when the service was over, the congregation had a perfectly lovely time, helping themselves to his things:—boots for their bare black feet, handkerchiefs for their flat black noses, collars and neckties for their black necks, spoons, canned goods, books, pillows, bed, chairs, tables—by night there was *nothing left!*

And I suppose when Mr. Richards lay down on his hard floor, he must have felt blue, indeed; yet perhaps he remembered that when the Lord Jesus was here among men, He had no place to lay His head, either.

But there's a surprise coming! For when his congregation got back to their thatched huts with their new treasures, and laid down on *their* floors to sleep, then the funny little Something-Inside-that-Talks-



#### KOREAN STEPS

They walked over a hundred miles to school, uphill and down-dale, along rocky roads edged with lovely violets.

Their fathers and brothers were put in prison for daring to read the Bible and to preach Christianity.

They know chapters and chapters of the Korean New Testament by heart, so that if every Bible in all Korea were lost, they could write almost all of it from memory.

They have decided what they want to become when school is over:—teachers! Teachers exactly like our nice American missionary.



You will love the true story of the little Persian girl whose father had been killed by rabid Mohammedans for daring to ride on his donkey carrying Persian Bibles into Moslem villages where no missionary had ever had time to go. "But now," they gloated wickedly, "now, by this man's death, we have stopped the Christian religion from spreading."

But the colporteur's young daughter secretly stuced a bag full of little Persian Bibles and grain for the donkey; then she slung the bag across the donkey's back, perched herself up on top of it and cantered off to the hot little Christ-less villages.

"They may kill my father's body," she whispered to the yellow desert sands, "but they cannot kill the Bibles of my father's God!"

Back began to talk back at them, too! "Selfish person," it said to them, "how about that white man? Isn't he a long way from the tribe of white men? Hasn't he come here just to teach you about the great God of Heaven? Doesn't he teach your children to read the magic medicine? Hasn't he always given you things? Yet here you are making him uncomfortable. He never said a word, but surely his heart was low within him,—nothing left!"

One by one their consciences began to prick, and toward morning you could have seen them tip-toeing softly down the village street with the "spoils" they had stolen, and when Mr. Richards woke up, he found everything stacked up outside his door. Then he knew that "love" had melted the coldness of their heathen hearts.

As he translated the rest of Luke to them, they wept as if their hearts would break when he read about the death of the Lord Jesus, but when they heard about that first Easter, it was as if Christ had risen in each of their hearts, so happy were they!

His congregation grew so big that a Boston church sent out a chapel in sections, all ready to be pieced together. These new Christians toted the *seven hundred* pieces of that chapel from Banza Manteke *sixty* miles away. On their heads they carried them, each trip lasting a week, and they did it all for love of the Lord Jesus whose Book had taken fear out of their lives, and with deep gratitude to the Tribe-of-White-Men-from-over-the-Waters-Toward-the-Place-Where-the-Sun-goes-Down.

They are still selling Bibles all over Africa. I wish I could show you the men on camels who cross burn-

ing deserts, or other men trudging through dense jungles, getting torn by thorns and in constant danger of lions, carrying Bibles to little grass villages among the lemon and cotton trees. Then up in northern Africa near the blue Mediterranean Sea, I wish I could show you the country of Morocco, as big as France, but quite different, for the wild people are always fighting. Among the most devoted of the Men-Who-Sell-Bibles was a Mr. Mackintosh. He must have thoroughly believed Christ's promise, "Lo, I am with you always," for he went *everywhere*—even into excitable mobs in large towns, and up among the savage tribes in the Atlas Mountains, where the little villages perch on the dizzy crags like so many eagle's nests, and the little children are *tied to trees*, to keep them from toppling off! Down by the sea he plodded through miles of scorching sand, with the blistering sun beating down causing fever. How he did sell Bibles, though! And the people paid for them with bundles of dried fish or eggs or milk.

He had a young Syrian helper, named Aisa Farah, who used to watch the dense ring of excited faces around some snake charmer in the bazaar, and he said to himself, "Why not I, too?" He put on a Moorish *jelab* and took a Moorish musical instrument to twang on until he had drawn a crowd, then he told stories—stories of the Lord Jesus. The people listened eagerly, "We never heard before," they gasped; "What a man!" and others wanted to go and find Him at once! Aisa Farah used to give loaves of bread away on Sunday morning to about seventy beggars in Tangier, then he explained how

Christ was the "Bread of Life." It was wonderful to the poor Moslems, who were driven from door to door of their own rich people with the pious words: "May Allah open!" or "Allah will give thee," meaning that *they* did not propose to open or to give!

Our Bible is creeping into white-walled cities with dazzling terraces which rise out of the blue sea, and into white Moorish houses full of Moslem women and children and slaves to whom a Mrs. Missionary, or her Bible woman, is telling stories of Jesus every week.

Away over on the east, at the top of the Giant Question Mark, I wish I could show you Port Said, where the ships come through from India, China, and Japan. Sometimes a dream ship of the mirage seems to sail silently beside them along the shimmering yellow desert. The colporteurs at Port Said have Bibles in forty languages to give out to the sailors and passengers, and nobody knows how many brown and yellow and white travelers have read with surprise the wonderful words in the little Book.

If we should jump from Port Said out of the African Question Mark across into Arabia, we would find that they were selling Bibles there, too; also in Turkey, and up in Persia. A Hindu Lamp-Lighter, named Henry Martyn, made a Persian translation when he was ill and taking a sea-trip. Later he presented a copy to the Shah of Persia!

The Bible whispers comfort to the giant ear of Africa, and also to the big, oblong island which lies in the ocean beside Africa, looking as if it were really the dot which properly belongs underneath that great question mark! The story of the Bible in Madagascar is a most thrilling tale.

First of all, there was a fairly good king named Radama I. who welcomed missionaries, who let Lamp-Lighters translate the Bible into the Malagasy language; then this king died and his wicked sister Ránaválona became queen. She hated Christians and threatened to kill any Malagasy found reading a Bible. But the new Christians simply couldn't stop reading, and she kept on killing them or torturing them during twenty-five horrible years, until ten thousand of them were killed and others made to pay harsh penalties. Missionaries were driven out of the island, and Christians all over the world decided that the work of the Lamp-Lighters had been in vain;—Christianity would surely die out. For twenty-five years is a long time to be without instruction, with cruelty making it so easy to slip back into heathen ways.

But when Ránaválona died, the missionaries hurried back, and found twelve priceless copies of the Bible left on the island,—copies all thumbed and patched and warped because they had been read and re-read and hidden in the earth for safe-keeping! When new Bibles arrived, a copy was sent to the new queen, but she let it lie on a table in the palace, quite as if it didn't exist.

BUT she died! And one day, her successor, Queen Ránaválona II. opened the strange Book, read it eagerly and believed every word of it! She threw away her idols, even banishing the big national idol, "Manja-Katsiroa," and the fetish which was supposed to heal people was hacked to bits and burned. The frightened heathen watched in terror, but nothing happened as a punishment, and they, too,

decided to accept Christianity, which now spread like wildfire from the palace to the quaint little clay huts, thatched with reeds. So out of darkness came a great light, for of all countries in the world it was the Bible, and the Bible alone, which for twenty-five years kept Christianity alive in Madagascar. "For heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."





## CHAPTER VI.

“SPEAKING THEIR LANGUAGE”

“*The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.*”

(ISAIAH XI, 9)



## CHAPTER VI.

### “SPEAKING THEIR LANGUAGE”

THE other day as I was glancing at the map of the world, I began looking harder than usual at those cunning little freckles that dot the face of the sea, and it dawned on me that each tiniest “freckle” was really a sort of storybook, brimful of the most hair-raising tales of adventure. For the “freckles” are really *islands*, as you know, of course; but although they have such cozy jolly names, like “Friendly,” “Sandwich,” “Christmas,” and “Cook,” yet it was anything but friendly or Christmassy for the first white people who went there.

There are no more beautiful places in the world than the South Sea Island freckles that dot the Pacific Ocean. The green palms are so very green, and the blue sea is so very turquoise, and the yellow sands are so very gleaming, and the white waves that boom ceaselessly on the shore are so very white and foamy, as if they had been scrubbed up into Ivory soap suds! Big noisy red and blue parrots squawk at each other from the treetops, and gorgeous yellow and purple flowers rear themselves up like haughty kings and queens. It would seem as if it were a perfect place to live, for right at your front door are bread-fruit trees to feed you, and cocoanut trees to give you milk (it tastes like *lemonade*, however!)—better even than having a grocery-store-around-the-corner, for all you have to do is to run outdoors and pluck your supper off the trees!

You might expect that people who lived in such a perfect place would be just as nice as nice could be! But it is quite the other way around—they are almost too dreadful to describe: to begin with, they wear no clothes, only strings of teeth or shells for bracelets and necklaces, and they have queer patterns tattooed all over their brown bodies, and their kinky heads are generally decorated with tortoise shell and fish tails! No brave warrior would think of dancing at a feast without some human skull dangling from his belt, which shows you a little of their cruelty and their indecency.

Dusky brown children grew up to be murderers and their mothers were proud of everything they did that was cruel and barbarous. For you must know that if drought withered the fruit trees, everyone thought some hostile village had "held up" the rain, and their *spell* must be broken by stone club and spear; if sickness came, it was surely due to the sorcery of an unfriendly tribe, and every death must be avenged in blood. And when a man died, they often strangled his wife, or cut off her fingers, anyhow.

There was no harder place for Lamp-Lighters to go, for they carried their lives in their hands, well aware that even if they landed in safety, they might be butchered as the cause of the first outbreak of sickness, hurricane, or earthquake! There was but *one mail a year*, and no medical help within hundreds (sometimes thousands) of miles across the sea; there was no butter or milk or vegetables; sometimes not even fish or fowl; always cocoanuts!

It was a Lamp-Lighter named Geddie who landed on one of those lovely, green islands and found on the

yellow beach a great fire and a huge cauldron in which almost eighty enemies had been cooked; scattered all over the sands he found the bones of these poor people whom the cannibals had eaten. He could tell by the footprints that there had been wild dancing around and around that giant pot, and I should think even *his* brave heart might have wished "O, to be safe back in England!"

The cannibals had evidently gone home to their leaf-thatched huts, exhausted with the feasting, so Mr. Missionary dug a huge grave and reverently buried all those sad, ghastly bones. This was a strange beginning, you must admit!

He stuck it out, too! And so did brave Mrs. Geddie, teaching those astonished people Christian ways; and one Easter Sunday morning there were eight hundred islanders in church, each decently dressed in a calico frock Mrs. Geddie herself had cut and prepared. The inscription on Mr. Geddie's grave tells volumes about this plucky family:—"When he came to the island in 1848 there was not a single Christian, when he left it in 1872 there was not a single heathen." Twenty-four years packed full of work in which the Bible was translated by himself, and another Lamp-Lighter, Mr. Inglis. When they could explain to the savages that the "many-leaved creature of white paper covered with tattoo marks" was a special message from God to their island, the people reverently bowed down to it, and eagerly bought copies for themselves, giving porpoise teeth and tropical shells in exchange.

Little children flocked to school and afterwards you could see them scratching letters on cocoanut

fronds to show off their learning to ignorant grown-ups; there was one tribe where it was stylish grotesquely to clip and "tonsure" the dusky heads of school boys with any word they might choose. One very brown little fellow had "Carpenter's son" *done* on his head, because that was what Jesus was and what he himself was learning to be in school!

Speaking of *carpenters*, you have no idea how much a Lamp-Lighter in those South Sea Islands needs to know how to be a little bit of everything: a doctor as well as a translator, school teacher, builder, printer, and so on. One tribe spoke of their missionary as "Matai ni mate" (the *carpenter* of sickness), because he knew how to *mend* sick bodies! There was always a brisk demand for the "Eyes of Glass" which helped the dim eyes of aged converts to read the dear words in their precious Bibles.

Next let me tell you about a very famous Lamp-Lighter named John G. Paton, who was sent out to the island of Tanna. He could not stay there long, however, as the savages were far too unfriendly, so he went to settle on Aniwa.

When he landed, he at once selected the best site for his new home, but the islanders were most unwilling for him to live anywhere but on one place near the seashore. Years later, when Chief Namakei became a Christian, he explained why they acted in that way! "When Missi came," he said, "we saw his big boxes! We knew he had blankets and calico, axes and knives, fishhooks and all such things, and so we said: 'Don't drive him away, else we will lose all these nice things. We will let him land. But we will force him to live on the *Sacred Plot*. Then our

gods will surely kill him in anger, and we will divide all he has among the men of Aniwa?" But Missi built his house on our most sacred spot. He and his family lived there, and the gods did not strike them dead. He planted bananas there, and we said: 'Now when they eat the bananas they will all drop dead, as our fathers said would happen to anyone eating fruit from that sacred ground.' But Missi ate them and he did not die. So what we say and what our fathers have said is not true. Our gods cannot kill them. Their Jehovah God is stronger than the gods of Aniwa."

The brown people had only leaf huts, and they were very curious while Mr. Paton was building his house, of course. One day he wanted some nails, so he took a smooth chip of wood and wrote on it exactly what he wanted and gave it to the old Chief Namakei to carry to Mrs. Paton.

"But what do you want?" Namakei asked.

"The chip will tell her," Mr. Paton said. You should have seen how angry the old chief became, thinking Missi was making fun of him, "Who ever heard of a chip of wood speaking!" he snorted, mad straight through, for there had never been a *written* language on any of these islands (until our missionaries made one!).

But Mrs. Paton glanced at that silly chip, got the nails, and sent them back to her husband in the most unconcerned way.

This was Mr. Paton's chance to teach Namakei that God speaks to man by the tattoo-marks on the leaves of his Book, exactly as he had spoken to Mrs. Paton on the chip. Namakei was immensely im-

pressed, and ever so eager to see this unknown Word of God printed in his own language. He helped Mr. Paton learn words and master ideas, and when the Bibles were actually printed he found the talking page no less wonderful than the talking chip.

"It talks straight from God to my heart!" an old woman said delightedly; only she was afraid to leave her Bible open for fear some of those precious tattoo marks would fall off the page!

By and by, when Mr. Paton dug a well and could actually get showers of rain from beneath the earth at any time when he wanted water, instead of waiting for the clouds to drop it down to him occasionally, then everybody on the island decided that they would burn their idols, for certainly Jehovah God was God, if he could send rain up from the earth! So Aniwa burned its idols!

But life was not easy on the other islands among those naked painted savages. Many and many a mission house was burned, and many a missionary was murdered. Yet new white teachers took their places, and the dusky cannibals grunted to each other: "How is this? We killed them, or drove them away. We plundered their houses and robbed them. If any tribe had treated us in that way, nothing could ever make us return to that place. But these white people come back;—is it to trade or to make money? No, no! Only to give us a little book with tattoo-marks straight from their God to our island. If their God makes them brave to do all that, we may well worship Him, too."

In this way island after island after island was opened up to Mr. Paton, and even savage chiefs

pledged themselves to protect and cherish him long before they knew anything whatever of the Gospel, except the amazing tales that came from Christian islands. When he visited these Christian islands, you would have laughed to see how the natives greeted him! They waded out into the waves, unable to wait until he landed; they gave him a noisy welcome, *rubbing their noses on his* in native style, chuckling: "Twice twenty moons have passed away since you left us, Missi. You fill our eyes! You fill our eyes! Have you brought us God's Book, Missi? See, we have stacked up jars of cocoanut oil to pay for them!"

On one island, called Tahiti, the warriors' spears were made into rails for the pulpit stairs, and King Pomare himself translated parts of the Bible into Tahitian. The mission printing house was built with stones that once had served for human sacrifice; and the war drums were now beaten on Sunday mornings to call the happy decently dressed natives to church!

You will admire another brave Lamp-Lighter named John Williams. He was not willing to sit down at ease on one island, contentedly teaching a village of several hundred happy Christians, knowing all the time that there were thousands of cannibals all around, eating one another's flesh and drinking one another's blood with a savage delight, living and dying without hearing of the Lord Jesus.

He was so anxious to carry Bibles to these other islands that he built himself a ship, all alone. You boys will see how plucky he was, when you read that he knew next to nothing about ship-building and ~~had~~

nothing on hand to build with! He made the queerest tools. He made a forge, but it would not work; he tried again, but this time hungry rats nibbled his bellows, because they were made of goat's skin, which is a lovely titbit for any rat! Then Mr. Williams made wooden bellows, which it needed *eight* men to blow! As he had no saw, trees had to be hacked down with a hatchet, split into halves with a wedge, and chipped into planks with an adze. For a curved plank he had to find a crooked tree! He used wooden pegs for nails, native mats for sails and made ropes from cocoanut fibre. It was slow work, but, when the little boat was launched, she was sixty feet long and he called her the "Messenger of Peace."

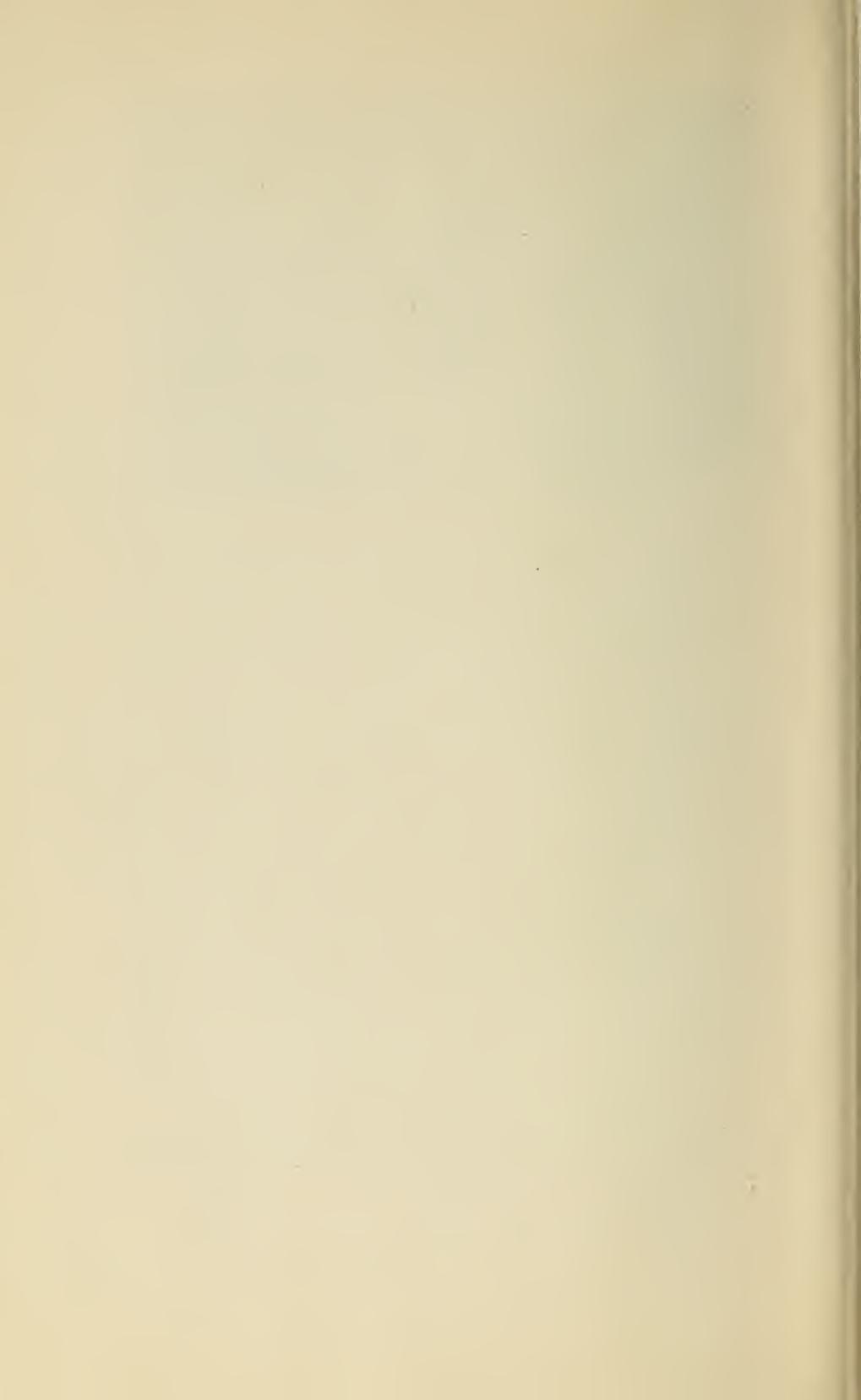
John Williams sailed thousands of miles in her from Raratonga, already made Christian, to the Samoan or Navigator Island, eighteen hundred miles away. They were dangerous voyages, for, as his boat came skimming over the blue water, the savages rushed jostling out into the waves to meet him, waving spears and clubs. As he waded ashore he could hear them sucking their breath with delight, saying: "I'll have his hat!" "I'll have his jacket!" "I'll have his shirt," as if they were quite sure the chief would kill him at once.

Mr. Williams would say to his companion: "See, there are boys playing on the beach. That is a good sign." But the other man would answer: "Yes, but there are no women! Savages mean mischief when they send their women away."

The painted chief would generally say: "Tell us, O man, why you persist in coming!" And John Williams would fearlessly answer: "I am come to



A SMILE is the same in any of the two hundred Oceanic languages into which our Lamp-Lighters have already translated the Bible. And boys are boys the world over! The first two in the front row are young mischiefs, don't you think so? But the third boy seems to be rather seriously thinking how splendid it would be to be Mr. Missionary Photographer, while the sad boy behind him looks hungry for something—don't you imagine he is lonely for someone to love him hard? The next three boys in the back row are curious: "Now who are these Christian missionaries, anyhow?" they seem to ask, "these men who came in a boat with a 'many-leaved creature' called the Book of God?"



tell you of the true God, so that you may burn your gods of wood, and of bird's feathers and of cloth."

Roars of anger would come from the priests, whose faces were blackened with charcoal and whose bodies were hideously painted with red and yellow stripes. Anger burst from the fierce warriors, too, who stood nearby, with great waving headdresses of bird's feathers and white shells: "Burn our gods! Then what gods would we have left?"

"You are foolish," John Williams would say, "you take a log of wood and carve it, you call it *god*, and kneel to offer it food. And you take another log of wood and carve it, but you call it a canoe, and sail the seas in it. Yet there is no difference at all between your god and your canoe! You would not dare burn your god, yet you burn the wood shavings to cook your meals. Let me tell you of the God of Heaven."

On the beach he would lift up his voice above the boom of the giant breakers and tell the story of the Lord Jesus. And the savages would listen! Oh, how hungrily they listened! It seems now as if the Lord Jesus Himself must have stood beside John Williams and guarded him. When he finally learned their language, he would translate the Bible into their own speech, and they eagerly brought arrow-root and rough little mats in exchange for it. At night by dim lantern light you could hear some reader chanting the Gospels to a crowd of spell-bound listeners.

Later on, English people gave Mr. Williams a splendid steamboat called "The Camden," but on his very first trip with three thousand copies of the New Testament this good man was cruelly murdered by

the cannibals of heathen Erromanga. But at once there were other brave Lamp-Lighters willing to take his place, and I like to know that the children of England raised money to buy a new mission ship which they named after him "The John Williams!" For over twenty years she flitted over those lovely turquoise seas, bearing at her prow the half-length carved figure of John Williams, with the open Bible in his hand! Dauntless missionaries sailed from coral island to coral island, to the curious sea-villages raised up on piles over the ocean; and they plodded way inland, too, to the thatched houses that stood upon platforms or swung in the treetops one hundred feet high.

Little by little, wonderful things happened. Once on Tongareva the cocoanut crop failed and the savages were starving. When the "John Williams" stopped at Aitutaki, twenty-four thousand cocoanuts were loaded on board as an offering from the natives to their suffering "friends" — yet for generations they had all been bitter foes; whoever was victor crowned his triumph by destroying the fruit trees of the vanquished; but now the dusky tribes had learned to see Christ in the stranger, to give Him meat in feeding the hungry, to clothe Him in clothing the naked. Do you wonder the savages shook their puzzled heads at such gentle treatment, and listened curiously to the strange words in the "Book of the Black Tattoo-Marks"?

There were other brave Lamp-Lighters in those South Seas about whom you would enjoy reading— John Coleridge Patteson, and James Chalmers, and James Calvert, the printer-missionary, who lost all

his type in a shipwreck and patiently made some more out of old tin cans so that he could print Bibles without any delay!

Some of the islands were very hostile, while some seemed just waiting for the Lord Jesus. On Ambryn their very language seemed waiting for the Lamp-Lighters to use, it was so kind and hopeful a speech, for when you said "*goodbye*" the words were: "Fire again in the sky to you" (another sunny day), and "love" was the "*Keeps-calling* of the heart"! Even their old chiefs who clung to their gigantic color-splashed "makis" (images cut out of inverted fern trunks) and refused to be baptized, began to pray at sunset time to the great Christian God to take care of them as if they knew the words of the Psalm: "Men shall worship Him, every one from his own place, even all the isles of the heathen."

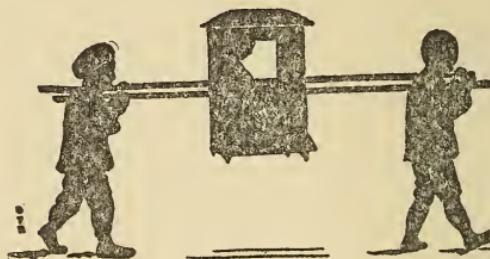
Lamp-Lighters have already translated the Bible into over two hundred of these oceanic tongues; but when you look at your map you must remember that there is "freckle" after "freckle" where no mission boat has ever stopped, where no precious Book has ever been covered with the particular kind of black tattoo-mark that speaks their language!

Thousands upon thousands of dusky people are waiting . . . . waiting . . . . And while they wait they wonder many things, and try many things; they wear many queer little ornaments to protect themselves and give many strange offerings to wooden idols, hoping to be happy in this life and in the one that is to come. Day after day our modern Lamp-Lighters are sailing nearer and nearer to the Christless islands; night after night they sit under some leaf-

thatched roof, telling the dear story of the Lord Jesus to brown people across the sea, until the day shall come "when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea."

And I know of no lovelier way for you and me to share in their work, than for us to paint a little picture of some far-away palmy island in our mind's eye each evening as we kneel to pray, so that as we imagine the booming surf and the turquoise sea and the naked brown savages we can pray very longingly:

"GOD BLESS EVERY LAMP-LIGHTER TONIGHT."













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